



Eighteenth Century  
Collections Online  
Print Editions

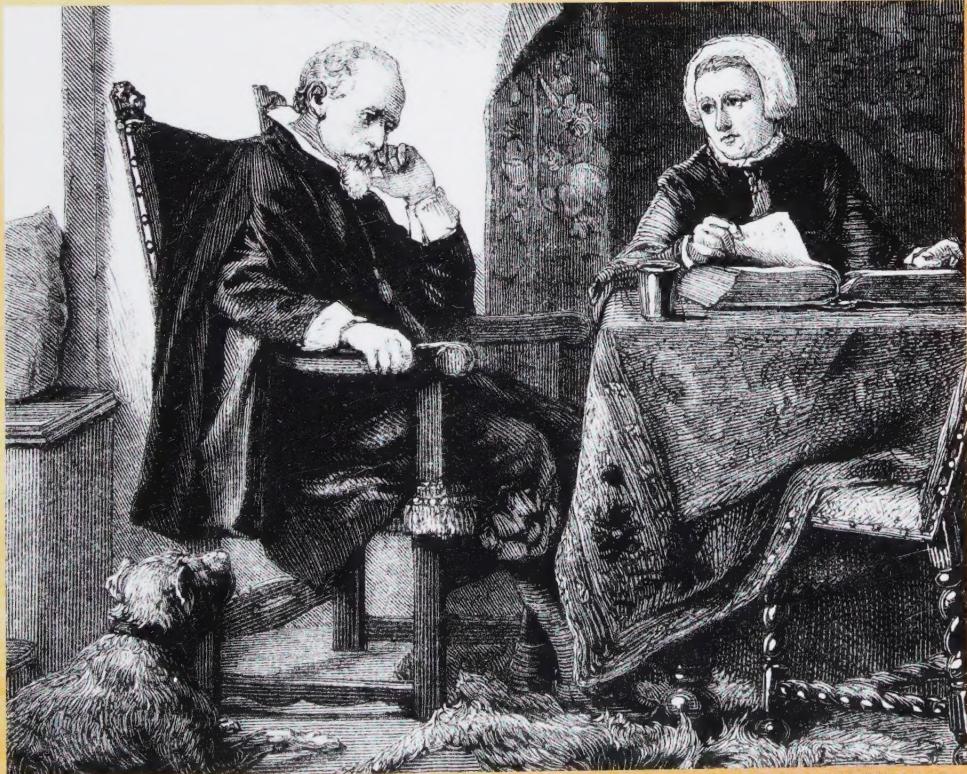
## Literature and Language

---

Vida's Art of poetry,  
translated into English  
verse, by Mr Pitt. The  
second edition.

---

Marco Girolamo Vida





Vida's Art of poetry, translated  
into English verse, by Mr Pitt.  
The second edition.

Marco Girolamo Vida

**ECCO**  

---

PRINT EDITIONS

*Vida's Art of poetry, translated into English verse, by Mr Pitt. The second edition.*  
Vida, Marco Girolamo  
ESTCID: T118347  
Reproduction from British Library  
Possibly not published till January 1743 (Foxon). With a final leaf of advertisements.  
London : printed by John Hughs, for Robert Dodsley, 1742 [1743?].  
82,[2]p. ; 12°



Eighteenth Century  
Collections Online  
Print Editions

## Gale ECCO Print Editions

Relive history with *Eighteenth Century Collections Online*, now available in print for the independent historian and collector. This series includes the most significant English-language and foreign-language works printed in Great Britain during the eighteenth century, and is organized in seven different subject areas including literature and language; medicine, science, and technology; and religion and philosophy. The collection also includes thousands of important works from the Americas.

The eighteenth century has been called “The Age of Enlightenment.” It was a period of rapid advance in print culture and publishing, in world exploration, and in the rapid growth of science and technology – all of which had a profound impact on the political and cultural landscape. At the end of the century the American Revolution, French Revolution and Industrial Revolution, perhaps three of the most significant events in modern history, set in motion developments that eventually dominated world political, economic, and social life.

In a groundbreaking effort, Gale initiated a revolution of its own: digitization of epic proportions to preserve these invaluable works in the largest online archive of its kind. Contributions from major world libraries constitute over 175,000 original printed works. Scanned images of the actual pages, rather than transcriptions, recreate the works *as they first appeared*.

Now for the first time, these high-quality digital scans of original works are available via print-on-demand, making them readily accessible to libraries, students, independent scholars, and readers of all ages.

For our initial release we have created seven robust collections to form one the world’s most comprehensive catalogs of 18<sup>th</sup> century works.

*Initial Gale ECCO Print Editions collections include:*

### ***History and Geography***

Rich in titles on English life and social history, this collection spans the world as it was known to eighteenth-century historians and explorers. Titles include a wealth of travel accounts and diaries, histories of nations from throughout the world, and maps and charts of a world that was still being discovered. Students of the War of American Independence will find fascinating accounts from the British side of conflict.

### ***Social Science***

Delve into what it was like to live during the eighteenth century by reading the first-hand accounts of everyday people, including city dwellers and farmers, businessmen and bankers, artisans and merchants, artists and their patrons, politicians and their constituents. Original texts make the American, French, and Industrial revolutions vividly contemporary.

### ***Medicine, Science and Technology***

Medical theory and practice of the 1700s developed rapidly, as is evidenced by the extensive collection, which includes descriptions of diseases, their conditions, and treatments. Books on science and technology, agriculture, military technology, natural philosophy, even cookbooks, are all contained here.

### ***Literature and Language***

Western literary study flows out of eighteenth-century works by Alexander Pope, Daniel Defoe, Henry Fielding, Frances Burney, Denis Diderot, Johann Gottfried Herder, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, and others. Experience the birth of the modern novel, or compare the development of language using dictionaries and grammar discourses.

### ***Religion and Philosophy***

The Age of Enlightenment profoundly enriched religious and philosophical understanding and continues to influence present-day thinking. Works collected here include masterpieces by David Hume, Immanuel Kant, and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, as well as religious sermons and moral debates on the issues of the day, such as the slave trade. The Age of Reason saw conflict between Protestantism and Catholicism transformed into one between faith and logic -- a debate that continues in the twenty-first century.

### ***Law and Reference***

This collection reveals the history of English common law and Empire law in a vastly changing world of British expansion. Dominating the legal field is the *Commentaries of the Law of England* by Sir William Blackstone, which first appeared in 1765. Reference works such as almanacs and catalogues continue to educate us by revealing the day-to-day workings of society.

### ***Fine Arts***

The eighteenth-century fascination with Greek and Roman antiquity followed the systematic excavation of the ruins at Pompeii and Herculaneum in southern Italy; and after 1750 a neoclassical style dominated all artistic fields. The titles here trace developments in mostly English-language works on painting, sculpture, architecture, music, theater, and other disciplines. Instructional works on musical instruments, catalogs of art objects, comic operas, and more are also included.



## The BiblioLife Network

This project was made possible in part by the BiblioLife Network (BLN), a project aimed at addressing some of the huge challenges facing book preservationists around the world. The BLN includes libraries, library networks, archives, subject matter experts, online communities and library service providers. We believe every book ever published should be available as a high-quality print reproduction; printed on-demand anywhere in the world. This insures the ongoing accessibility of the content and helps generate sustainable revenue for the libraries and organizations that work to preserve these important materials.

The following book is in the “public domain” and represents an authentic reproduction of the text as printed by the original publisher. While we have attempted to accurately maintain the integrity of the original work, there are sometimes problems with the original work or the micro-film from which the books were digitized. This can result in minor errors in reproduction. Possible imperfections include missing and blurred pages, poor pictures, markings and other reproduction issues beyond our control. Because this work is culturally important, we have made it available as part of our commitment to protecting, preserving, and promoting the world’s literature.

## GUIDE TO FOLD-OUTS MAPS and OVERSIZED IMAGES

The book you are reading was digitized from microfilm captured over the past thirty to forty years. Years after the creation of the original microfilm, the book was converted to digital files and made available in an online database.

In an online database, page images do not need to conform to the size restrictions found in a printed book. When converting these images back into a printed bound book, the page sizes are standardized in ways that maintain the detail of the original. For large images, such as fold-out maps, the original page image is split into two or more pages

Guidelines used to determine how to split the page image follows:

- Some images are split vertically; large images require vertical and horizontal splits.
- For horizontal splits, the content is split left to right.
- For vertical splits, the content is split from top to bottom.
- For both vertical and horizontal splits, the image is processed from top left to bottom right.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2022 with funding from  
Kahle/Austin Foundation

[https://archive.org/details/isbn\\_9781140803485](https://archive.org/details/isbn_9781140803485)

*Colle<sup>t</sup>ege Bell College-*

V I D A's  
ART of POETRY,

Translated into  
ENGLISH VERSE,

*By Mr. PIT T.*

---

The SECOND EDITION.

---



---

L O N D O N .  
Printed by JOHN HUGH S,  
For ROBERT DODSLEY at Tully's Head  
in Pall Mall 1742.

To the Right Honourable  
P H I L I P,  
Earl Stanhope, Viscount Mahon,  
and Baron Elvaston,

THIS  
TRANSLATION  
OF  
VIDA's Art of Poetry  
Is DEDICATED

By His LORDSHIP'S  
Humble Servant .  
and Chaplain,  
CHRISTOPHER PIT.

---



---

# V I D A's ART of POETRY, &c.

## BOOK I.

**G**I V E me, ye sacred muses, to impart  
The hidden secrets of your tuneful art ;  
Give me your awful mysteries to sing,  
Unlock, and open wide, your sacred spring ;  
While from his infancy the bard I lead,  
And set him on your mountain's lofty head ,  
Direct his course, and point him out the road  
To sing in epick strains an hero or a god  
What youth, whose gen'rous bosom pants for praise,  
Will dare with me to beat those arduous ways ?  
O'er h.gh Parnassus' painful steeps to go,  
And leave the grov'ling multitude below  
Where the glad muses sing, and form the choir,  
While bright Apollo strikes the silver lyre.  
Approach thou first, great F R A N C I S, nor refuse  
To pay due honours to the sacred muse ;  
While Gallia waits for thy auspicious reign,  
'Till age compleats the monarch in the man ,  
Mean t.me the muse may bring some small relief,  
To charm thy anguish, and suspend thy grief ,

While guilty fortune's stern decrees detain  
 Thee, and thy brother in the realms of Spain ;  
 Far, far transported from your native place,  
 Your country's, father's, and your friend's embrace !  
 Such are the terms the cruel fates impose  
 On your great father, struggling with his woes,  
 Such are their hard conditions -----They require  
 The sons, to purchase, and redeem the sire  
 But yet, brave youth, from grief, from tears abstain,  
 Fate may relent, and heav'n grow mild again ,  
 At last perhaps the glorious day may come,  
 The day that brings our royal exile home ,  
 When, to thy native realms in peace restor'd,  
 The ravish'd crowds shall hail their passing lord ;  
 When each transported city shall rejoice,  
 And nations bless thee w th a publick voice ,  
 To the throng d fanes the matrons shall repair ,  
 Absolve their vows, and breathe their souls in pray'r.  
 'Till then, let ev'ry muse engage thy love,  
 With me at large o'er high Parnassus rove,  
 Range every bow'r, and sport in ev'ry grove }  
 }

First then observe, that verse is ne'er confin'd  
 To one fixt measure, or determin'd kind ,  
 Tho' at its birth it sung the gods alone,  
 And then religion claim'd it for her own ;  
 In sacred strains address'd the deity,  
 And spoke a language worthy of the sky ,  
 New themes succeeding bards began to chuse,  
 And in a wider field engag'd the muse ,  
 The common bulk of subjects to rehearse  
 In all the rich varieties of verse.

Yet

VIDA's Art of Poetry.

9

Yet none of all with equal honours shine,  
(But those which celebrate the pow'r divine,)  
To those exalted measures, which declare  
The deeds of heroes, and the sons of war. .  
From hence posterity the name bestow'd  
On this rich present of the delphick god ;  
Fame says, Phæmonoe in this measure gave  
Apollo's answers from the pythian cave

But e'er you write, consult your strength, and chuse  
A theme proportion'd justly to your muse  
For tho' in chief these precepts are bestow'd  
On him who sings an hero or a god ;  
To other themes their gen'ral use extends,  
And serves in different views to different ends  
Whether the lofty muse with tragick rage  
Would proudly stalk in buskins on the stage ,  
Or in soft elegies our pity move,  
And shew the youth in all the flames of love ;  
Or sing the shepherd s woes in humble strains,  
And the low humours of contending swains  
These faithful rules shall guide the bard along  
In every measure, argument, and song.

Besure (whatever you propose to write)  
Let the chief motive be your own delight,  
And well-weigh'd choice ,----a task injoin'd refuse,  
Unless a monarch should command your muse.  
(If we may hope those golden times to see,  
When bards become the cage of majesty ')  
Free and spontaneous the smooth numbers glide,  
Where choice determines, and our wills preside ,  
But, at command, we toil with fruitless pain,  
And drag th'involuntary load in vain.

Nor

B. VID A's *Art of Poetry*.

Nor, at its birth, indulge your warm desire,  
On the first glimm'ring of the sacred fire,  
Deser the mighty task ; and weigh your pow'r  
And every part in every view explore ;  
And let the theme in different prospects roll  
Deep in your thoughts, and grow into the soul.

But e'er with sails unfurl'd you fly away,  
And cleave the bosom of the boundless sea,  
A fund of words and images prepare,  
And lay the bright materials up with care,  
Which, at due time, occasion may produce,  
All rang'd in order for the poet's use.

Some happy objects by mere chance are brought  
From hidden causes to the wand'ring thought,  
Which if once lost, you labour long in vain  
To catch th' ideal fugitives again.

Nor must I fail their conduct to extol,  
Who, when they lay the basis of the whole,  
Explore the antents with a watchful eye,  
Lay all their charms and elegancies by,  
Then to their use the precious spoils apply.

At first without the least restraint compose,  
And mould the future poem into prose,  
A full and proper series to maintain,  
And draw the just connection in a chain,  
By stated bounds your progress to controul,  
To join the parts, and regulate the whole

And now 'us time to spread the op'ning sails  
Wide to the wanton winds and flatt'ring gales,  
'Tis time we now prescribe the genuine laws  
To raise the beauteous fabrick with applause,

But

But first some method requisite appears  
To form the boy, and mould his tender years.  
In vain the bard the sacred wreath pursues,  
Unless train'd up, and season'd to the muse  
Soon as the prattling innocent shall reach  
To the first use and rudiments of speech,  
Ev'n then, by Helicon he ought to rove,  
Ev'n then the tuneful nine should win his love  
By just degrees. ----But make his guide your choice  
For his chaste phrase and elegance of voice ;  
That he at first successfully may teach  
The methods, laws, and discipline of speech ;  
Lest the young charge, mistaking right and wrong,  
With vicious habits prejudice his tongue,  
Habits, whose subtle seeds may mock your art,  
And spread their roots and poison thro' his heart  
Whence none shall move me to approve the wretch,  
Who wildly born above the vulgar reach,  
And big with vain pretences to impart  
Vast shows of learning, and a depth of art,  
For sense th' impertinence of terms affords ;  
An idle cant of formidable words ,  
The pride of pedants, the delight of fools ;  
The vile disgrace, and lumber of the schools :  
In vain the circling youths, a blooming throng,  
Dwell on th' eternal jargon of his tongue.  
Deluded fools !----The same is their mistake,  
Who at the limpid stream their thirst may slake, }  
Yet choose the tainted waters of the lake.  
Let no such pest approach the blooming care,  
Deprave his style, and violate his ear ;

But far, oh far, to some remoter place  
Drove the vile wretch to teach a barb'rous race.

Now to the muse's stream the pupil bring,  
To drink large draughts of the pierian spring;  
And from his birth the sacred bard adore,  
Nurst by the nine, on Mincio's flowry shore;  
And ask the gods his numbers to inspire,  
With like invention, majesty, and fire.

He reads Ascanius' deeds with equal flame,  
And longs with him to run at nobler game  
For youths of ages past he makes his moan,  
And learns to pity years so like his own;  
Which with too swift, and too severe a doom,  
The fate of war had hurri'd to the tomb.  
His eyes, for Pallas, and for Lausus, flow,  
Mourn with their fires, and weep another's woe,  
But when Euryalus, in all his charms,  
Is snatch'd by fate from his dear mother's arms,  
And as he rolls in death, the purple flood  
Streams out, and stains his snowy limbs with blood,  
His soul the pangs of gen'rous sorrow pierce,  
And a new tear steals out at every verse  
Mean time with bolder steps the youth proceeds,  
And the greek poets in succession reads,  
Seasons to either tongue his tender ears,  
Compares the heroes glorious characters;  
Sees, how Aeneas is himself alone,  
The draught of Peleus' and Laertes' son;  
How, by the poet's art, in one, conspire  
Ulysses conduct, and Achilles' fire

But now, young bard, with strict attention hear,  
And drink my precepts in at either ear,

Since

Since mighty crowds of poets you may find,  
 Crowds of the grecian, and ausonian kind,  
 Learn hence what bards to quit or to pursue,  
 To shun the false, and to embrace the true ;  
 Nor is it hard to cull each noble piece,  
 And point out every glorious son of Greece ;  
 Above whose numbers HOMER sits on high,  
 And shines supreme in distant majesty ,  
 Whom with a rev'rent eye the rest regard,  
 And owe their raptures to the sov'reign bard ;  
 Thro' him the god their panting souls inspries,  
 Swells every breast, and warms with all his fires.  
 Blest were the poets with the hallow'd rage,  
 Tram'd up in that, and the succeeding age .  
 As to his time each poet nearer drew,  
 His spreading fame in just proportion grew.  
 By like degrees the next degen'rate race  
 Sunk from the height of honour to disgrace.  
 And now the fame of Greece extinguish lies,  
 Her ancient language with her glory dies.  
 Her banisht princes mourn their ravisht crowns,  
 Driv'n from their old hereditary thrones ,  
 Her drooping natives rove o'er worlds unknown,  
 And weep their woes in regions not their own ,  
 She feels thro' all her states the dreadful blow,  
 And mourns the fury of a barb'rous foe  
 But when our bards brought o'er th'aonian maids  
 From their own Helicon to Tyber's shades ,  
 When first they settled on Hesperia's plains,  
 Their numbers ran in rough unpolisht strains.  
 Void of the grecian art their measures flow'd ,  
 Pleas'd the wild satyrs, and the sylvan crowd.

Low shrubs, and lofty forests whilom rung,  
With uncouth verse, and antiquated song,  
Nor yet old Ennius sung in artless strains,  
Fights, arms, and hosts embattel'd on the plains,  
Who first aspir'd to pluck the verdant crown  
From grecian heads, and fix it on his own.  
New wonders the succeeding bards explore,  
Which slept conceal'd in nature's womb before ;  
Her awful secrets the bold poet sings,  
And sets to view the principles of things ;  
Each part was fair, and beautiful the whole,  
And every line was nectar to the soul.  
By such degrees the verse, as ages roll'd,  
Was stamp't to form, and took the beauteous mould.  
Ausonia's bards drew off from every part  
The barb'rous dregs, and civiliz'd the art.  
'Till like the day, all shining and serene,  
That drives the clouds, and clears the gloomy scene,  
Refines the air, and brightens up the skies,  
See the majestick head of VIRGIL rise,  
Phœbus' undoubted son !----who clears the rust  
Of the rough ancients, and shakes off their dust.  
He on each line a nobler grace bestow'd ;  
He thought, and spoke in every word a god  
To grace this mighty bard, ye muses, bring  
Your choicest flow'rs, and rife all the spring ;  
See ! how the Grecian bards, at distance thrown,  
With reverence bow to this distinguish'd son,  
Immortal sounds his golden lines impart,  
And nought can match his genius but his art.  
Ev'n Greece turns pale, and trembles at his fame,  
Which shades the lustre of her HOMER'S name

'Twas

"Twas then Ausonia saw her language rise  
In all its strength, and glory to the skies,  
Such glory never could she boast before,  
Nor could succeeding poets make it more.  
From that blest period the poetick state  
Ran down the precipice of time and fate ;  
Degenerate souls succeed, a wretched train,  
And her old fame at once drew back again.  
One, to his genius trusts, in ev'ry part,  
And scorns the rules and discipline of art.  
While this, an empty tide of sound affords,  
And roars and thunders in a storm of words.  
Some, musically dull, all methods try  
To win the ear with sweet stupidity ;  
Unruffled strains for solid wit dispense,  
And give us numbers, when we call for sense.  
'Till from th' hesperian plains and Tyber chas'd,  
From Rome the banish'd sisters fled at last ,  
Driv'n by the barb'rous nations, who from far  
Burst into Latium with a tide of war  
Hence a vast change of their old manners sprung,  
The slaves were forc'd to speak their master's tongue ,  
No honours now were paid the sacred muse,  
But all were bent on mercenary views ,  
'Till Latium saw with joy th' aonian train  
By the great MENICI restor'd again ,  
Th' illustrious MEDICI, of tuscan race,  
Were born to cherish learning in disgrace,  
New life on every science to bestow ,  
And lull the cries of Europe in her woe.  
With pity they beheld those turns of fate,  
And prop'd the ruins of the grecian state ,

For lest her wit should perish with her fame,  
 Their care supported still the argive name ;  
 They call'd th' aspiring youths from distant parts,  
 To plant Aufonia with the grecian arts ,  
 To bask in ease, and science to diffuse,  
 And to restore the empire of the muse ;  
 They sent to ravag'd provinces with care,  
 And cities wasted by the rage of war,  
 To buy the ancients works, of deathless fame,  
 And snatch th' immortal labours from the flame ;  
 To which the foes had doom'd each glorious piece,  
 Who reign and lord it in the realms of Greece.  
 (But we, ye gods, would raise a foreign lord,  
 As yet untaught to sheath the civil sword ')  
 Thro' many a period this has been the fate,  
 And thus the list of the poetick state.

Hence sacred VIRGIL from thy soul adore  
 Above the rest, and to thy utmost pow'r  
 Pursue the glorious paths he struck before.  
 If he supplies not all your wants, peruse  
 Th'immortal strains of each augustan muse.  
 There stop----nor rashly seek to know the rest,  
 But drive the dire ambition from thy breast,  
 'Till riper years and judgment form thy thoughts  
 To mark their beauties, and avoid their faults  
 Mean time, ye parents, with attention hear,  
 And thus advis'd exert your utmost care  
 The blameless tutor from a thousand choose,  
 One from his soul devoted to the muse ;  
 Who pleas'd the tender pupil to improve,  
 Regards, and loves him with a father's love.

Youth of it self, to num'rous ills betray'd,  
 Requires a prop, and wants a foreign aid ,  
 Unless a master's rules his mind incline  
 To love and cultivate the sacred nine, .  
 His thoughts a thousand objects will employ,  
 And from Parnassus lead the wand'ring boy  
 So trusts the swain, the saplings to the earth ;  
 So hopes in time to see the sprouting birth ,  
 Against the winds defensive props he forms,  
 To shield the future Forrest from the storms,  
 That each unbolden d plant at length may rise  
 In verdant pride, and shoot into the skies

But let the guide, if e'er he would improve  
 His charge, avoid his hate, and win his love ;  
 Lest in his rage wrong measures he may take,  
 And loath the muses for the teacher's sake  
 His soul then slacken'd from her native force,  
 Flags at the barrier, and forgets the course  
 Nor by your anger be the youth o'er-aw'd,  
 But scorn th'unigen rous province of the rod ;  
 Th' offended muses never can sustain  
 To hear the shriekings of the tender train,  
 But stung with grief and anguish haug behind ;  
 Dampt is the sprightly vigor of the mind.  
 The boy no daring images inspire,  
 No bright ideas set his thoughts on fire ,  
 He drags on heavily th' ungrateful load,  
 Grown obstinately dull, and season'd to the rod,

I know a pedant who to penance brought  
 His trembling pupils for the lightest fault ;  
 His soul transported with a storm of ire,  
 And all the rage that malice could inspire ;

By turns the tort'ring scourges we might hear,  
 By turns the shrieks of wretches stun'd the ear.  
 Still to my mind the dire ideas rise,  
 When rage unusual sparkled in his eyes ,  
 When w.th the dreadful scourge insulting loud,  
 The tyrant terrif'd the blooming crowd ,  
 A boy the fairest of the frightened train,  
 Who yet scarce gave the promise of a man,  
 Ah, dismal object ! idly past the day  
 In all the thoughtless innocence of play ,  
 When lo ! th' impious wretch inflam'd with rage,  
 Fierce, and regardless of his tender age,  
 W th fury storms ; the fault his clamours urge ;  
 His hand high-waving brandishes the scourge  
 Tears, vows, and pray'rs the tyrant's ears assaile ,  
 In vain,----nor tears, nor vows, nor pray'rs prevail.  
 The trembling innocent from deep despair  
 Scken d, and breath'd his little soul in air.  
 For him, beneath his poplar, mourns the Po ;  
 For him the tears of hoary Serius flow !  
 For him their tears the watry sisters shed,  
 Who lov'd him living, and deplored him dead !  
 The furious pedant to restrain his rage,  
 Should mark th' example of a former age ,  
 How fierce Alc.des, warm'd w.th youthful ire,  
 Dash'd on his master's front h.s vocal lyre.  
 But yet, ye youths, confess your master s sway,  
 And their commands implicitly obey  
 Whoever then this arduous task pursues,  
 To form the bard, and cultivate h.s muse,  
 Let him by softer means, and milder ways,  
 Warm his ambition with the love of praise ;

Soon as his precepts shall engage his heart,  
 And fan the rising fire in every part,  
 Light is the task ,----for then the eager boy  
 Pursues the voluntary toil with joy ;  
 Dreads th' inglorious indolence of rest,  
 And feeds th' immortal ardor in his breast.

And here the common practice of the schools  
 By known experience justifies my rules,  
 The youths in social studies to engage ,  
 For then the rivals burn with gen'rous rage,  
 Each soul the stings of emulation raise,  
 And every little bosom beats for praise  
 But gifts propos'd will urge them best to rise ,  
 Fir'd at the glorious prospect of a prize,  
 With noble jealousy, the blooming bard  
 Reads, labours, glows, and strains for the reward ,  
 Fears lest his happy rival win the race,  
 And raise a triumph on his own disgrace.

But when once season'd to the rage divine,  
 He loves and courts the raptures of the nine,  
 The sense of glory, and the love of fame,  
 Serve but as second motives to the flame ,  
 The thrilling pleasure all the bard subdues,  
 Lock'd in the strict embraces of the muse,  
 See ! when harsh parents force the youth to quit,  
 For meaner arts, the dear delights of wit,  
 If e'er the wonted warmth his thoughts inspire,  
 And w th past pleasures set his mind on fire ,  
 How from his soul he longs, but longs in vain,  
 To haunt the groves and purling streams again '  
 No stern commands of parents can controul,  
 No force can check the fancies of his soul.

So burns the courser season'd to the rein,  
 That spies his females on a distant plain,  
 And longs to act his pleasures o'er again ; }  
 Fir'd with remembrance of his joys, he bounds,  
 He forms and strives to reach the well-known grounds ;  
 The goring spurs his furious flames improve,  
 And rouze within him all the rage of love ;  
 Ply'd with the scourge he still neglects his haste,  
 And moves reluctant, when he moves at last,  
 Reverts his Eye, regrets the distant mare ,  
 And neighs impatient for the dappled fair

How oft' the youth would long to change his fate,  
 Who high advanc'd to all the pomp of state,  
 With grief his gaudy load of grandeur views,  
 Loft at too high a distance from the muse ! }  
 How oft' he sighs by warbling streams to rove,  
 And quit the palace for the shady grove  
 How oft' in Tybur's cold retreats to lye,  
 And gladly stoop to cheerful poverty,  
 Beneath the rigor of the wintry sky ! }  
 But yet how many curse their fruitless toil,  
 Who turn and cultivate a barren soil ?  
 This, e'er too late, the master may divine  
 By a sure omen, and a certain sign ,  
 The hopeful youth, determin'd by his choice,  
 Works without precept, and prevents advice,  
 Consults his teacher, plies his task with joy,  
 And a quick sense of glory fires the boy.  
 He challenges the crowd ,--- the conquest o'er,  
 He struts away the victor of an hour.  
 Then vanquish'd in his turn , o'erwhelm'd with care,  
 He weeps, he pines, he sickens with despair ; }

Nor looks his little rivals in the face,  
 But flies for shelter to some lonely place,  
 To mourn his shame, and cover his disgrace.  
 His master's frowns impatient to sustain,  
 Strait he returns, and wins the day again.  
 This is the boy his better fates design  
 To rise the future darling of the nine,  
 For him the muses weave the sacred crown,  
 And bright Apollo claims him for his own  
 Not the least hope th' unactive youth can raise,  
 Dead to the prospect, and the sense of praise,  
 Who your just rules with dull attention hears,  
 Nor lends h.s understanding, but his ears.  
 Resolv'd his parts in indolence to keep,  
 He lulls h s drowsy faculties asleep,  
 The wretch your best endeavours will betray,  
 And the superfluous care is thrown away.

I fear for him, who ripens e'er his prime,  
 For all productions there's a proper time  
 Oh ! may no apples in the spring appear,  
 Out-grow the seasons, and prevent the year,  
 Nor mellow yet, 'till autumn stains the vine,  
 And the full presses foam with floods of wine.  
 Torn from the parent-tree too soon, they lye  
 Trod down by every swain who passes by.

Nor should the youth too strictly be confin'd,  
 'Tis sometimes proper to unbend his mind,  
 When tir'd with study, let him seek the plains,  
 And mark the homely humours of the swains,  
 Or pleas'd the toils to spread, or horns to wind,  
 Hunt the fleet mountain-goat, or forrest-hind.

Mean time the youth, impatient that the day  
Should pass in pleasures unimprov'd away,  
Steals from the shouting crowd, and quits the plains,  
To sing the sylvan gods in rural strains :  
Or calls the muses to Albunea's shades,  
Courts, and enjoys the visionary maids.  
So labour'd fields with crops alternate blest,  
By turns lie fallow, and indulge their rest ;  
The swain contented bids the hungry soil  
Enjoy a sweet vicissitude from toil ,  
Till Earth renew's her genial pow'rs to bear,  
And pays his prudence with a bounteous year

On a strict view your solid judgment frame,  
Nor think that genius is in all the same ;  
How oft' the youth who wants the sacred fire,  
Fondly mistakes for genius his desire ?  
Courts the coy muses, tho' rejected still,  
Nor nature seconds his misguided will  
He strives, he toils with unavailing care ,  
Nor heav'n relents, nor Phœbus hears his pray'r,  
He with success, perhaps, may plead a cause,  
Shine at the bar, and flourish by the laws ;  
Perhaps discover nature's secret springs,  
And bring to light th' originals of thin's  
But sometimes precept will such force impart,  
That nature bends beneath the pow'r of art.

Besides, 'tis no light province to remove  
From the rash boy the fiery pangs of love ;  
'Till ripe in years, and more confirm'd in age,  
He learns to bear the flames of Cupid's rage ,  
Oft hidden fires on all his vitals prey,  
Devour the youth, and melt his soul away

By slow degrees ,----blot out his golden dreams,  
The tuneful poets, and castalian streams ,  
Struck with a secret wound, he weeps and sighs ;  
In every thought the darling phantoms rise ,  
The fanci'd charmer swims before his sight ,  
His theme all day, his vision all the night .  
The wand ring object takes up all his care ,  
Nor can he quit th' imaginary fair  
Mean time h.s fire, unconscious of his pain ,  
Applies the temper'd medicines in vain ,  
The plague, so deeply rooted in his heart ,  
Mocks every slight attempt of Pæan's art ;  
The flames of Cup.d all his breast inspire ,  
And in the lover s quench the poet's fire

When in his riper years, without controul ,  
The nine have took possession of his soul ,  
When, sacred to their god, the crown he wears ,  
To other authors let him bend his cares ,  
Consult their styles, examine every part ,  
And a new t.ncture take from every art .  
First study TULLY's language and his sense ,  
And range that boundless field of eloquence  
TULLY, Rome's other glory, still affords  
The best expressions and the richest words ;  
As high o'er all in eloquence he stood ,  
As Rome o'er all the nations she subdu'd .  
Let him read men and manners, and explore  
The site and distances from shore to shore ;  
Then let him travel, or to maps repair ,  
And see imagin'd cities rising there ,  
Range with h.s eyes the earth's fictitious ball ,  
And pass o'er figur'd worlds that grace the wall

Some in the bloody shock of arms appear,  
To paint the native horrors of the war,  
Thro' charging hosts they rush before they write,  
And plunge in all the tumult of the fight  
But since our lives contracted in their date  
By scanty bounds, and circumscrib'd by fate,  
Can never launch thro' all the depths of arts,  
Ye youths, touch only the material parts,  
There stop your labour, there your search controul,  
And draw from thence a notion of the whole  
From distant climes when the rich merchants come,  
To bring the wealth of foreign regions home,  
Content the friendly harbours to explore,  
They only touch upon the winding shore,  
Nor with vain labour wander up and down  
To view the land, and visit every town,  
That would but call them from their former road,  
To spend an age in banishment abroad,  
Too late returning from the dang'rous main,  
To see their countries and their friends again.

Still be the sacred poets your delight,  
Read 'em by day, consult 'em in the night,  
From these clear fountains all your raptures bring,  
And draw for ever from the muses spring.  
But let your subject in your bosom roll,  
Claim every thought, and draw in all the soul,  
That constant object to your mind display,  
You toil all night, your labour all the day.

I need not all the rules of verse disclose,  
Nor how their various measures to dispose,  
The tutor here with ease his charge may guide  
To join the parts and numbers, or divide.

Now let him words to stated laws submit,  
 Or yoke to measures, or reduce to feet,  
 Now let him softly to himself rehearse  
 His first attempts and rudiments of verse,  
 Fix on those rich expressions his regard  
 To use made sacred by some ancient bard,  
 Tost by a different gust of hopes and fears,  
 He begs of heav'n an hundred eyes and ears  
 Now here, now there coy nature he pursues,  
 And takes one image in a thousand views.  
 He waits the happy moment that affords  
 The noblest thoughts, and most expressive words.  
 He brooks no dull delay, admits no rest,  
 A tide of passions struggles in his breast,  
 Round his dark soul no clear ideas play,  
 The most familiar objects glide away.  
 All fixt in thought, astonisht he appears,  
 His soul examines, and consults his ears;  
 And racks his faithless memory, to find  
 Some traces faintly sketch'd upon his mind.  
 There he unlocks the glorious magazine,  
 And opens every faculty within,  
 Brings out with pride their intellectual spoils,  
 And with the noble treasure crowns his toils;  
 And oft' meer chance shall images display,  
 That strike his mind engag'd a different way.  
 Still he persists, regrets no toil nor pain,  
 And still the task, he tri'd before in vain,  
 Plies with unweari'd diligence again  
 For oft' unmanageable thoughts appear,  
 That mock his labour, and delude his care;

{

## 44 VIDA'S Art of Poetry.

Th' impatient bard, with all his nerves appl'd,  
 Tries all the avenues on every side ;  
 Resolv'd and bent the precipice to gain ;  
 Tho' yet he labours at the rock in vain ;  
 By his own strength and heav'n, with conquest grac'd,  
 He wins th' important victory at last,  
 Stretch'd by his hands the vanquish'd monster lies,  
 And the proud triumph lifts him to the skies.  
 But when ev'n chance and all his efforts fail,  
 Nor toils, nor vigilance, nor cares prevail ,  
 His past attempts in vain the boy renew's,  
 And waits the softer seasons of the muse ;  
 He quits his work , throws by his fond desires ;  
 And from his task reluctantly retires

Thus o'er the fields the swain pursues his road,  
 'Till stopt at length by some impervious flood,  
 That from a mountain's brow, o'ercharg'd with rains,  
 Bursts in a thund'ring tide, and foams along the plains ,  
 With horror chill'd, he traverses the shore,  
 Sees the waves rise, and hears the torrent roar ;  
 Then griev'd returns , or waits with vain delay,  
 'Till the tumultuous deluge rolls away

But in no ill ad let the youth engage  
 His tender yeirs, and unexperienc'd age ;  
 Let him by just degrees and steps proceed,  
 Sing with the swains, and ture the tender reed :  
 He with success an humbler theme may ply,  
 And, VIRGIL-like, immortalize a fly  
 Or sing the rice, their battles and attacks,  
 Against the croaking natives of the lakes  
 Or with what art her toils the spider sets,  
 And spins her firmy entrails into nets

And

And here embrace, ye teachers, thus advice ,  
Not to be too inquisitively nice,  
But, till the soul enlarg'd in strength appears,  
Indulge the boy, and spare his tender years ,  
'Till to ripe judgment and experience brought,  
Himself discerns and blushes at a fault ,  
Nor if the criticks eyes too strictly pierce,  
To point each blemish out in every verse,  
Void of all hope the stripling may depart,  
And turn his studies to another art  
But if resolv'd his darling faults to see,  
A youth of genius should apply to me,  
And court my elder judgment to p ruse  
Th' imperfect labours of his infant muse ,  
I should not scruple with a cand d eye,  
To read and praise his poem to the sky ,  
With seeming rapture on each line to pause,  
And dwell on each expression with applause  
But when my praises had inflam'd h s mind,  
If some lame verse limp'd slowly up behind ,  
One, that himself, unconscious, had not found,  
By numbers charm'd, and led away by sound ,  
I should not fear to minister a prop,  
And give him stronger feet to keep it up ;  
Teach it to run along more firm and sure ;  
Nor would I show the wound before the cure.

For what remains ; the poet I enjoin  
To form no glorious scheme, no great design,  
'Till free from business he retires alone,  
And flies the giddy tumult of the town ,  
Seeks rural pleasures, and enjoys the glades,  
And courts the thoughtful silence of the shades,

Where the fair dryads haunt their native woods,  
 With all the orders of the sylvan gods.  
 Here in their soft retreats the poets lye,  
 Serene, and blest w.th cheerful poverty ;  
 No guilty schemes of wealth their souls molest,  
 No cares, no prospects discompose their rest ,  
 No scenes of grandeur glitter in their view ,  
 Here they the joys of innocence pursue,  
 And taste the pleasures of the happy few }  
 From a rock's entrails the barbarian sprung,  
 Who dares to violate the sacred throng  
 By deeds or words----The wretch, by fury driv'n,  
 Assaul ts the darling colony of heav'n !  
 Some have look'd down, we know, with scornful eyes  
 On the bright muse who taught 'em how to rise,  
 And paid, when ras'd to grandeur, no regard'  
 From that high station to the sacred bard.  
 Uninjur'd, mortals, let the poets lye,  
 Or aread th' impending vengeance of the sky ;  
 The gods still listen'd to their constant pray'r,  
 And made the poets their peculiar care.  
 They, with contempt on fortune's gift look down,  
 And laugh at kings who wear an envy'd crown.  
 Ras'd and transported by their soaring mind,  
 From their proud eminence they view mankind  
 Lost in a cloud , they see them toil below,  
 All busy to promote their common woe  
 Of guilt unconscious, w.th a stiddy soul,  
 They see the lightnings flash, and hear the thunders roll.  
 When girt w.th terrors, heav'n's alm ghty fire  
 Launches his triple bo't, and sulky fire,

When

When o'er high tow'rs the red destroyer plays,  
And strikes the mountains with the pointed blaze ,  
Safe in their innocence, like gods, they rise,  
And lift their souls serenely to the skies

Fly, ye profane ,---the sacred nine were giv'n  
To bless these lower worlds by bounteous heav'n .  
Of old, Prometheus, from the realms above,  
Brought down these daughters of all-mighty Jove,  
When to his native earth the robber came,  
Charg'd with the plunder of ethereal flame  
As due compassion touch'd his gen'rous mind ,  
To see the savage state of human kind ;  
When led to range at large the bright abodes ,  
And share th' ambrosial banquets of the gods ,  
In many a whirl he saw Olympus driv'n ,  
And heard th' eternal harmony of heav'n .  
Turn'd round and round the consort charm'd his ears  
With all the musick of the dancing spheres ;  
The sacred nine his wond'ring eyes behold ,  
As each her orb in just divisions roll'd ,  
The thief beholds them with ambitious eyes ,  
And, bent on fraud, he meditates the prize ;  
A prize ! the noblest gift he could bestow  
(Next to the fire) on human race below ;  
At length th' immortals reconcil'd, resign'd  
The fair celestial sisters to mankind ;  
Tho' bound to Caucasus with solid chains ,  
Th' aspiring robber groan'd in endless pains ;  
By which deterr'd, for ages lay supine  
The race of mortals, nor invok'd the nine :  
'Till heav'n in verse shew'd man his future state ,  
And open'd every distant scene of fate .

First, the great father of the gods above  
 Sung in Dodona and the libyan grove,  
 Next, to th' enquiring nations Them's gave  
 Her sacred answers from the phœcian case ;  
 Then Phœbus warn'd 'em from the delphic dome,  
 Of future times, and ages yet to come,  
 And rev'rend Faunus utter'd truths divine  
 To the first founders of the latian line.

Next the great race of hallow'd prophets came,  
 With them the scyts of immortal fame,  
 Inspir'd with all the god ; who rapt on high  
 With more than mortal rage unbounded fly,  
 And range the dark recesses of the sky  
 Next at their feasts, the people sung their lays,  
 (The same their prophets sung in former days)  
 Their theme an hero, and his deathless praise

What has to man of nobler worth been giv'n,  
 Than this the best and greatest boon of heav'n ?  
 Whatever pow'r the glorious gift bestow'd,  
 We trace the certain footsteps of a god ;  
 By thee inspir'd, the daring poet flies,  
 His soul mounts up, and tow'rs above the skies ;  
 Thou art the source of pleasure, and we see  
 No joy, no transport, when debarr'd of thee ;  
 Thy tuneful deity the feather'd throng  
 Confess in all the measures of their song.  
 Thy great commands the salvages obey,  
 And every silent native of the sea .  
 Led by thy voice the starting rocks advance,  
 And list'ning forests mingle in the dance  
 On thy sweet notes the damn'd rejoic'd to dwell,  
 Thy strains suspended all the din of hell ;

Lull'd

Lull'd by the sound the furies rag'd no more,  
And hell's infernal porter ceas'd to roar  
Thy pow'rs exalt us to the realms above,  
To feast with gods, and sit the guests of Jove:  
Thy presence softens anguish, woe and strife,  
And reconciles us to the load of life,  
Hail, thou bright comfort of these low abodes,  
Thou joy of men and darling of the gods.  
As priest and poet in these humble lays,  
I boldly labour to resound thy praise,  
To hang thy shrines this gift I bring along,  
And to thy altars guide the tender throng.

The END of the FIRST BOOK.



---



---

# V I D A's ART of POETRY, &c.

## BOOK II.

**P**ROCEED, ye nine, descended from above,  
 Ye tuneful daughters of all-mighty Jove ,  
 To teach the future age I hasten on,  
 And open every source of Helicon.  
 Your priest and bard with rage divine inspire ,  
 Wh're to your shrine I lead the blooming choir .  
 Hard was the way, and dubious, which we trod ,  
 Now show, ye goddesses, a surer road ,  
 Point out those paths, which you can find alone ,  
 To all the world, but to yourselves unknown ;  
 Lo ! all the hesperian youths with me implore  
 Your softer influence, and propitious pow'r ,  
 Who, rang'd beneath my banners, boldly tread  
 Those arduous tracks to reach your mountain's head .  
 New rules 'tis now my province to impart ,  
 First to invent, and then dispose with art ,  
 Each a laborious task but they who share  
 Heav'n's kinder bounty, and peculiar care ,  
 A glorious train of images may find ,  
 Preventing hope, and crowding on the mind .

The

The other task to settle every part,  
Depends on judgment, and the pow'rs of art,  
From whence in chief the poet hopes to raise  
His future glory, and immortal praise

This as a rule the noblest bards esteem,  
To touch at first in gen'ral on the theme,  
To hint at all the subject in a line,  
And draw in miniature the whole design  
Nor in themselves confide, but next implore  
The timely aid of some celestial pow'r,  
To guide your labours, and point out your road,  
Choose, as you please, your tutelary god,  
But still invoke some guardian deity,  
Some pow'r, to look auspicious from the sky  
To nothing great should mortals bend their care,  
'Till Jove be solemnly address'd in pray'r.  
'Tis not enough to call for aid divine,  
And court but once the favour of the nine;  
When objects rise, that mock your toil and pain,  
Above the labour and the reach of man,  
Then you may supplicate the blest abodes,  
And ask the friendly succour of the gods  
Shock not your reader, nor begin too fierce,  
Nor swell and bluster in a pomp of verse,  
At first all needless ornament remove,  
To shun his prejudice, and win his love  
At first, you find most favour and success  
In plain expression, and a modest dress  
For if too arrogant you vaunt your might,  
You fall with greater scandal in the fight,  
When on the nicest point your fortune stands,  
And all your courage, all your strength demands.

With

With gradual flights surprize us as we read ;  
 And let more glorious images succeed,  
 To wake our souls, to kindle our desire  
 Still to read on, and fan the rising fire  
 But ne'er the subject of your work proclaim  
 In its own colours, and its genuine name ,  
 Let it by distant tokens be convey'd,  
 And wrapt in other words, and cover'd in their shade.  
 At last the subject from the friendly shroud  
 Bursts out, and shines the brighter from the cloud ;  
 Then the dissolving darkness breaks away,  
 And every object glares in open day  
 Thus great \* Ulysses' toils were I to choose,  
 For the main theme that should employ my muse ;  
 By his long labours of immortal fame,  
 Should shine my hero, but conceal his name ;  
 As one, who lost at sea, had nations seen,  
 And mark'd their towns, their manners, and their men,  
 Since Troy was level'd to the dust by Greece ;  
 Till a few lines epitomiz'd the piece

But study now what order to maintain,  
 To link the work in one continu'd chain,  
 That when the muse displays her artful scheme,  
 And at the proper time unfolds the theme ;  
 Each part may find its own determin'd place,  
 Laid out w<sup>th</sup> method, and dispos'd with grace ;  
 That to the destin'd scope the piece may tend,  
 And keep one constant tenor to the end.  
 First to surprizing novelties inclin'd,  
 The bards some unexpected objects find,  
 To wake attention, and suspend the mind.

A cold

\* Vid Hom Odys Lib I.

A cold dull order bravely they forsake ,  
 Fixt and resolv'd the winding way to take ,  
 They nobly deviate from the beaten track .  
 }  
 The poet marks th' occasion, as he sings ,  
 To launch out boldly from the midst of things ,  
 Where some distinguish'd incident he views ,  
 Some shining action that deserves a muse .  
 Thence by degrees the wond'ring reader brings  
 To trace the subject backward to its springs ,  
 Lest at his entrance he should idly stay ,  
 Shock'd at his toil, and dubious of his way ,  
 For when set down so near the promis'd goal ,  
 The flatt'ring prospect tempts and fires his soul ;  
 Already past the treach'rous bounds appear ,  
 Then most at distance, when they seem so near ;  
 Far from his grasp the fleeting harbour flies ,  
 Quits his pursuit, but mocks his dazled eyes ,  
 The promis'd region he with joy had spy'd ,  
 Vast tracts of oceans from his reach divide ,  
 Still must he backward steer his lengthen'd way ,  
 And plough a wide interminable sea .  
 No skilful poet would his muse employ ,  
 From Paris' vote to trace the fall of Troy ,  
 Nor ev'ry deed of Hector to relate ,  
 While his strong arm suspended Ilion's fate ,  
 Work ! for some anaalist ! some heavy fool ,  
 Correctly dry, and regularly dull .  
 Best near the † end those dreadful scenes appear ,  
 Wake then, and rouze the furies of the war .  
 But for his ravish't fair at first engage  
 Peleides' soul in unrelenting rage

Be this the cause that every phrygian flood  
 Swells with red waves, and rolls a tide of blood ;  
 That Xanthus urns a purple deluge pour,  
 And the deep trenches float with human gore.  
 Nor former deeds in silence must we lose,  
 The league at Aulis, and the mutual vows,  
 The spartan raging for his ravish't spouse,  
 The thousand ships, the woes which Ilion bore  
 From Greece, for nine revolving years before  
 Ths <sup>†</sup> rule with judgment should the bard maintain,  
 Who brings Laërtes' wand'ring son again,  
 From burning Ilion to his native reign  
 Let him not launch from Ida's strand his ships,  
 With his attendant friends into the deeps,  
 Nor stay to vanquish the ciconian host ;  
 But let him first appear (his comrades lost)  
 With fair Calypso on th' ogygian coast  
 From thence, a world of toils and dangers past,  
 Waft him to rich Phæacia's realms at last,  
 There at the feast his wand'rings to relate,  
 His friends dire change ; his own relentless fate  
 But if the bard of former actions sings,  
 He wisely draws from those remoter springs  
 The present order, and the course of things.

As yet unfold th' event on no pretence,  
 'Tis your ch.eif task to keep us in suspense.  
 Nor tell what \* presents Atreus' son prepares,  
 To reconcile Achilles to the wars ,  
 Or † by what god's ausp:cious conduct led,  
 From Polyphemus den Ulysses fled.

Pleas'd

<sup>I</sup> See Odyssy.    \* See Iliad. Lib XIX.    † Odyss. 9.

Pleas'd with the toil, and on the prospect bent,  
Our souls leap forward to the w<sup>sh</sup>t event.

No call of nature can our search restrain,  
And sleep, and thirst, and hunger plead in vain.  
Glad we pursue the labour we embrac'd,  
And leave reluctant, when we leave at last.

See ! how the bard, triumphant in his art,  
Sports with our passions, and commands the heart ;  
Now here, now there he turns the varying song ,  
And draws at will the captive soul along ,  
Rack'd with uncertain hints, in every sense  
We feel the lengthen'd anguish of suspense.

When \* HOMER once has promis'd to rehearse  
Bold Paris' fight, in many a sounding verse,  
He soon perceives his reader's warm desire  
Wrapt in th' event, and all his soul on fire ;  
The poet then contrives some specious stay,  
Before he tells the fortune of the day  
'Till Helen to the king and elders show,  
From some tall tow'r, the leaders of the foe,  
And name the heroes in the fields below.

† When chaste Penelope, to gain her end,  
Invites her suitors the tough bow to bend,  
(Her nuptial bed the victor's promis'd prize)  
With what address her various arts she plies !  
Skill d in delays, and politickly slow  
To search her treasures for her hero's bow.

Non. lead the reader in the dark along,  
To the last goal that terminates the song ,  
Som't mes th event must glance upon the sight,  
Not glare in day, nor wholly sink in night.



'Tis

\* See *Iliad* 3.

† *Odyssey* 21

'Tis thus Anchises to his son relates  
 The various series of his future fates ;  
 For thus the \* prophets see, on Tyber's shore,  
 Wars, horrid wars, and Latium red with gore,  
 A new Achilles rising to destroy  
 With boundless rage the poor remains of Troy ;  
 But raise his mind with prospects of success,  
 And give the promise of a lasting peace  
 This knew the hero when he sought the plains,  
 Sprung from his ships, and charg'd th'embattled swains,  
 Hew'd down the latian troops with matchless might,  
 (The first, auspicious omen of the fight,) —  
 And at one blow gigantick Theron kill'd,  
 Bold, but in vain, and foremost of the field ,  
 Thus too † Patroclus with his latest breath  
 Foretold his unregarding victor's death  
 His parting soul anticipates the blow ,  
 That waits brave Hector from a greater foe.  
 Thou too, poor Turnus, just before thy doom  
 Couldst read thy end, and antedate a tomb,  
 When o'er thy head the baleful fury flew,  
 And in dire omens set thy fate to view ,  
 A bird obscene, she flutter'd o'er the field,  
 And scream'd thy death, and beat thy sounding shield;  
 For lo ! the time, the fatal time is come,  
 Charg'd with thy death, and heavy with thy doom.  
 When Turnus, tho' in vain, shall rue the day ,  
 Shall curse the go'den belt he bore away ,  
 Shall wish too late young Pallas' spoils unsought,  
 And mourn the conquest he so dearly bought

Th

\* See Virg. Æneid. Lib. VI. || Ibid. Lib. III. v. 458  
 v. 890. † Ibid. Lib. V. v. 531.

'Th' event should glimmer thro' its gloomy shrowd,  
Tho' yet confus'd, and struggling in the cloud.  
So, to the trav'ler, as he journeys on  
To reach the walls of some far distant town,  
If, high in air, the dubious turrets rise,  
Peep o'er the hills, and dance before his eyes,  
Pleas'd the refreshing prospect to survey,  
Each stride he lengthens, and beguiles the way.  
More pleas'd (the tempting scene in view) to go,  
Than pensively to walk the gloomy vales below.

Unless the theme within your bosom roll,  
Work in each thought, and run through all the soul ;  
Unless you alter with incessant pain,  
Pull down, and build the fabrick o'er again ;  
In vain, when rival-wits your wonder raise,  
You'll strive to match those beauties which you praise.

To one just scope with fixt design go on ,  
Let sov'reign reason dictate from her throne,  
By what determin'd methods to advance,  
But never trust to arbitrary chance  
Where chance presides, all objects wildly join'd,  
 Crowd on the reader, and distract his mind ,  
From theme to theme unwilling is he tost,  
And in the dark variety is lost  
You see some bards, who bold excursions make  
In long digressions from the beaten track ,  
And paint a wild unnecessary throng  
Of things and objects foreign to the song ,  
For new descriptions from the road depart,  
Devoid of order, discipline and art.  
So, many an anxious toil and danger past,  
Some wretch returns from banishment at la'st ;

With fond delay to range the shady wood,  
 Now here, now there he wanders from the road,  
 From field to field, from stream to stream he roves,  
 And courts the cooling shelter of the groves  
 For why should HOMER † deck the gorgeous car,  
 When our rais'd souls are eager for the war ?  
 Or dwell on ev'ry wheel, when loud alarms,  
 And Mars in thunder calls the hosts to arms ?  
 When with his heroes we some dastard ‡ find,  
 Of a vile aspect, and malignant mind,  
 His awkward figure is not worth our care,  
 His monstrous length of head, or want of hair,  
 Not, tho' he goes with mountain shoulders by,  
 Short of a foot, or blinking in an eye,  
 Such trivial objects call us off too long  
 From the main drift and tenor of the song.

Drances \* appears a juster character,  
 In council bold, but cautious in the war ;  
 Factious and loud the list'ning throng he draws,  
 And swells with wealth, and popular applause ;  
 But, what in our's would never find a place,  
 The bold greek language may admit with grace.

Why should I here the stratagems recite,  
 And the low tricks of ev'ry little wit ?  
 Some out of tune their stock of knowledge boast,  
 'Till in the pedant all the bard is lost.  
 Such w thout care their useless lumber place ,  
 One black, confus'd, and undigested mass,  
 With a wild heap encumbers every part,  
 Nor rang'd with grace, nor methodiz'd with art.

But

† in *Iam Illad*, Lib V | ‡ Ibid Lib II v 212,  
 1. 722. | \* *Aer*, L.b. XI. v 336.

But then in chief, when things abstruse they teach,  
 Themes too abstracted for the vulgar reach,  
 The hidden nature of the deities,  
 The secret laws and motions of the skies,  
 Or from what dark original began  
 The fiery soul, and kindled up the man :  
 Oft' they in odious instances engage,  
 And for examples ransack every age,  
 With every realm, no hero will they pass,  
 But act against the rules of time and place.  
 Avoid, ye youths, these practices, nor raise  
 Your swelling souls to such a thirst of praise  
 Some bards of eminence there are, we own,  
 Who sing sometimes the journeys of the sun,  
 The rising stars, and labours of the moon }  
 What impulse bids the ocean rise and fall,  
 What motions shake and rock the trembling ball.  
 Tho' foreign subjects had engag'd their care,  
 The rage, the din and thunder of the war,  
 Thro' the loud field, the genius of the earth ;  
 Or rules to raise the vegetable birth  
 Yet 'tis but seldom, and when time and place  
 Require the thing, and reconcile to grace  
 Those foreign objects necessary seem,  
 And flow, to all appearance, from the theme,  
 With so much art so well conceal'd they please,  
 When wrought w<sup>t</sup>h skill, and introduc'd with ease.  
 Should not + Anchises, such occasion shown,  
 Resolve the questions of his god-like son ?  
 If souls depriv'd of heav'n's fair light repair  
 Once more to day, and breathe the vital air ?

D 2

Or

† VID. *Aeneid*, Lib. VI.

Or if from high Olympus first they came,  
 Inspir'd with portions of ethereal flame,  
 Tho' here encumber'd with the mortal frame }  
 Tire not too long one subject when you write,  
 For 'tis variety that gives delight ,  
 But when to that variety inclin'd,  
 You seek new objects to relieve the mind,  
 Be sure let nothing forc'd or labour'd seem,  
 But watch your time, and steal from off your theme.  
 Conceal with care your longing to depart,  
 For art's chief pride is still to cover art.  
 So † Mulciber, in future ages skill'd,  
 Engrav'd Rome's glories on Aeneas' shIELD,  
 On the bright orb her future fame enroll'd,  
 And with her triumphs charg'd the rising gold ; }  
 Here figur'd fights the blazing round adorn,  
 There his long line of heroes yet unborn.  
 But if a ‡ poet of ausonian birth  
 Describes the various kingdoms of the earth,  
 Wide intersperst, the Medes, or swarthy Moors ; }  
 The diff'rent natures of their soils explores,  
 And paints the trees that bloom on India's shores }  
 On his own land he looks with partial eyes,  
 And lifts the fair Hesperia to the skies ,  
 To all the fair Hesperia he prefers,  
 And makes the woods of Bactria yield to her's,  
 With proud Panchala , tho' her groves she boasts, }  
 And breathes a cloud of incense from her coasts  
 Hear then, ye gen'rous youths, on this regard  
 I should not blame the conduct of the bard,

Who

† Virg. Aenid Lib. VIII. | † Virg. Georgic Lib. II.  
 v. 626. | v. 136.

Who in soft numbers, and a flowing strain,  
 Relieves and reconciles our ears again  
 When I the various implements had sung  
 That to the fields, and rural trade belong,  
 In sweet harmonious measures would I tell  
 How \* nature mourn'd when the great Cæsar fell  
 When Bacchus' curlings vines had grac'd my lays,  
 The rural pleasures || next shou'd share my praise.  
 The labour ended, and compleat the whole,  
 Some bards with pleasure wander round the goal,  
 The flights and fallies of the muse prolong,  
 And add new beauties to the finisht song ,  
 Pleas'd with th' excursion of the charm ng strain,  
 We strive to quit the work, but strive in vain  
 Thus, were the bees the subject of my muse,  
 Their laws, their natures, and cœlestial dews ,  
 Poor † Aristæus should his fate disclose,  
 His mother's counsel should asswage his woes ,  
 Old Proteus here should struggle in his chain,  
 There in soft verse the thracian bard compla n ,  
 (As Philomela on a poplar's bough  
 Bewails her young, melodious in her woe )  
 Pangæan steeps his sorrows should return,  
 And vocal Thrace with Rhodope should mourn ;  
 Hebrus should roll low-murm'r'ng to the deep,  
 And barb'rous nations wonder why they weep.  
 Thus too the poets, who the names declare  
 Of kings and nations gath'ring to the war,  
 Sometimes diversify the strain, and sing  
 The wondrous change of the † ligurian king.

D 3

While

\* Georg. Lib. I. v 466. || † Ibid Lib XI. v 317.  
 ¶ Ibid. Lib. II. v, 458. || † Aeneid. Lib. X. v. 185.

While for his Phæton his sorrows flow,  
 And his harmonious strains beguile his woe,  
 O'er all the man the snowy feathers rise,  
 And in a tuneful swan he mounts the skies  
 Thus too || Hippolitus, by Dan's care  
 And Pean's art, returns to upper air,  
 The bards now paint the arms their heroes wield,  
 And each bold figure on the glitt'ring shield  
 Great Æventour, great Alcides' son,  
 Wore the proud trophy which his father won ;  
 An hundred serpents o'er the buckler roll'd,  
 And Hydra burst from all her heads in gold  
 Now blooming Tempe's cool retreats they sing,  
 And now with flow'ry beauties paint the spring  
 Now with a sylvan scene the floods they hide,  
 Or teach the fam'd Eridanus to glide,  
 Or sport on fabled Achelous' side  
 Or hoary Nereus' num'rous race display,  
 The hundred azure sisters of the sea  
 With them the nymphs that haunt their native woods,  
 And the long orders of the sylvan gods

With gay descriptions sprinkle here and there,  
 Some grave instructive sentences with care,  
 That touch on life, some moral good pursue,  
 And give us virtue in a transient view ,  
 Rules, which the future fire may make his own,  
 And point the golden precepts to his son.

Sometimes on little images to fall,  
 And thus illustrate mighty things by small ,  
 With due success the licens'd poet dares,  
 When to the ants the phrygians he compares,

Who

[I<sup>r</sup>g. A<sup>e</sup>reid Lib. VII | † Ib:d v 656  
 v 756. | § Ib:d. L.b IX. v 402.

Who leaving Carthage, gather to the seas ;  
 Or the laborious tyrants to the || bees  
 But swarming † flies, offensive animals,  
 That buzz incessant o'er the smoaking pails,  
 Are images too low, to paint the hosts  
 That roll and blacken o'er Ausonia's coasts.  
 The lofty muse who sung the latian war,  
 Would think such trivial things beneath her care.  
 How from his majesty would VIRGIL fall,  
 If Turnus, scarce repell'd from Ilion's wall,  
 Retiring grimly with a tardy pace,  
 Had e'er been figur'd by the patient § ass !  
 Whom unregarded troops of boys surround,  
 While o'er his sides their rattling strokes resound ;  
 Slow he gives way, and crops the springing grain,  
 Turns on each side, and stops to graze again  
 In every point the thing is just, we know,  
 But then the image is itself too low  
 For Turnus, sprung from such a glorious strain,  
 The vile resemblance would with scorn disdain.  
 With better grace the † lion may appear,  
 Who singly impotent the crowd to dare,  
 Repel, or stand their whole embody'd war,  
 Looks grimly back, and rolls his glaring eye,  
 Despairs to conquer, and despairs to fly.

Since fictions are allow'd, besure, ye youths,  
 Your fictions wear at least the air of truths  
 When \* Glaucus meets Tydides on the plain,  
 Inflam'd with rage, and reeking from the slain ;

Some

|| *Aeneid* Lib. I v 434      † *Aeneid* Lib. IX. v. 792.  
 + *Iliad* Lib II v 469.      \* *Homer's Iliad*, Lib. VI.  
 § *Ibid.* Lib. XI. v. 557.      v. 119.

Some think they could not pass the time away,  
In such long narratives, and cool delay,  
Amidst the raging tumult of the day.

But yet we hear fierce Diomed relate  
The crime of bold Lvcurgus, and his fate,  
And Glaucus talks of brave Bellerophon,  
Doom'd for a lawless passion not his own,  
Sets forth the hero's great exploits to view,  
How the bold chief the dire Chimæra slew,  
The solymæan host, and amazonian crew.

For those surprizing fictions are design'd  
With their sweet falsehoods to delight the mind,  
The bards expect no credit should be giv'n  
To the bare lye, tho' authoriz'd by heav'n,  
Which oft' with confidence they vent abroad,  
Beneath the needful sanction of a god  
'Twas thus the ♀ roasting heifers of the sun  
Spoke o'er the fire with accents not their own ;  
'Twas thus ♀ Achilles' steed his silence broke,  
And § trojan ships in human voices spoke ;  
As wrought by heav'n these wonders they relate,  
All airy visions of the ivory gate !

Speak things but once, if order be your care,  
For more the cloy'd attention will not bear,  
And tedious repetitions tire the ear.

In this we differ from the grecian train,  
Who tell || Atrides' visions o'er again.  
'Tis not enough with them we know the cause  
Whv great Achilles from the war withdraws,

Unless

‡ Homer Odyss Lib XII. | § Virgil. Ænæd Lib. X.

v 395

ver 223

† Iliad, Lib. XVII, v. 426. || Vid. Iliad. Lib. II.

Unless the ♫ weeping hero on the shore,  
 Tells his blue mother all we heard before.  
 So much on punctual niceties they stand,  
 That when their kings dispatch some high command,  
 All, word for word, th' ambassadors ♫ rehearse  
 In the same tenor of unvaried verse  
 Not so did || Venulus from Arpi bring  
 The final answer of th' ætolian king.

Let others labour on a vast design,  
 A less, but polish'd with due care, be thine.  
 To change its structure be your last delight,  
 Thus spend the day, and exercise the night,  
 Incessant in your toil But if you choose  
 A larger field and subject for your muse ;  
 If scanty limits should the theme confine,  
 Learn with just art to lengthen the design  
 Beyond its native bounds , the roving mind  
 A thousand methods to this end may find ,  
 Unnumber'd fictions may with truths be join'd.  
 Nature supplies a fund of matter full ;  
 Then cull the rich variety at will.

See ! how the \* bard calls down th' embattled gods,  
 All rang'd in factions, from their bright abodes ;  
 Who, fir'd with mutual hate, their arms employ,  
 And in the field declare for Greece or Troy ,  
 'Till Jove convenes a council to asswage  
 Their rising fury, and suspend their rage ;  
 Tho' the blest gods, remov'd from human eyes,  
 Live in immortal ease within the distant skies

And

† Hom. *Iliad* Lib. I. v. 370.  
 † Ibid. Lib. IX. v. 264.  
 || *Virg. Æneid.* Lib. XI.  
 v. 243.

\* All these particulars, to  
 the end of this paragraph,  
 are taken from Homer  
 and Virgil.

And now th' infernal realm his theme he makes,  
 The re·gn of Pluto, the tartarean lakes,  
 The fures dreadful with their curling snakes.  
 He gathers omens from each bird that flies,  
 And signs from ev'ry wing that beats the skies  
 He now describes a banquet, where the guest  
 Prolongs with narratives the royal feast.

Or at the glorious hero's tomb we read  
 Of games ordain'd in honour of the dead  
 And oft for mercies in old times display'd,  
 To their own god, their annual rites are paid.  
 For monstrous Python slain, their praises rise,  
 And lift the fame of Phœbus to the skies.  
 In hymns Alcædes' labours they resound,  
 While Cacus lies exterded on the ground,  
 Alternate sing the labours of his hands,  
 Enjoin'd by fierce Eurysteus' stern commands,  
 The den of Cacus crowns the grateful strain,  
 Where the grim monster breathes his flames in vain.

Mark how sometimes the bard without controul  
 Exerts his fire, and pours forth all his soul,  
 His lines so daring, and his words so strong,  
 We see the subject figur'd in the song  
 When with the winds old || Ocean he deforms,  
 Or paints the rage and horrors of the storms,  
 Or drives on pointed rocks the bursting ships,  
 Toss'd on the euxine, or sicilan deeps.  
 Or sings the plagues that blast the livid sky,  
 When beasts by herds, and men by nations die;  
 Or the fierce flames that Ætna's jaws expire,  
 Her melted rocks, and deluges of fire,

When

¶ *Aeneid*, Lib. I. ¶ Ib. Lib. III. v. 137. + Ib. v. 571.

When from her mouth the bursting vapour flies,  
 And, charg'd with ruin, thunders to the skies,  
 While drifts of smoak in sooty whirlwinds play,  
 And clouds of cinders stain the golden day  
 See ! as the poet sounds the dire alarms,  
 Calls on the war, and sets the hosts in arms ,  
 Squadrons on squadrons driven, confus'dly die ,  
**Grim Mars** in all his terrors strikes the eye ,  
 More than description rising to the sight,  
 Presents the real horrors of the fight ,  
 A new creation seems our praise to claim ,  
 (Hence Greece derives the sacred † poet's name,) }  
 The dreadful clang of clashing arms we hear ,  
 The agonizing groan, the fruitless pray r ,  
 And shrieks of suppliants thicken on the ear }  
 Who, when he reads a || city storm'd, forbears  
 To feel her woes, and sympathize in tears ?  
 When o'er the palaces the flames aspire  
 From wall to wall, and wrap the domes in fire ?  
 The fire, with years and hostile rage opprest '  
 The starting infant, clinging to the breast '  
 The trembling mother runs, with piercing cries  
 Thro' friends and foes, and shrieking rends the sk.es.  
 Drag'd from the altar, the distracted fair  
 Beats her white breast, and tears her golden hair  
 Here in thick crowds the vanquish fly away,  
 There the proud victors heap the wealthy prey ,  
 With rage relentless ravage the r abodes ,  
 Nor spare the sacred temples of the gods  
 O'er the whole town they run with wild affright,  
 Tumultuous haste, and violence of flight

Why

† A τετραστική.

|| Vid. *Aeneid*. Lib. II.

Why should I mention how our souls aspire,  
Lost in the raptures of the sacred fire ?  
For ev'n the soul not always holds the same,  
But knows at diff'rent times a diff'rent frame.  
Whether with rolling seasons she complies,  
Turns with the sun, or changes with the skies ;  
Or thro' long toil, remissive of her fires,  
Droops with the mortal frame her force inspires ;  
Or that our minds alternately appear  
Now bright w'th joy, and now o'ercast with care.  
No ! ---but the gods, th immortal gods supply  
The glorious fires ; they speak the deity  
Then blest is he who waits th'auspicious nod,  
The warmth divine, and presence of the god ,  
Who his suspended labours can restrain,  
'Till heaven's serene indulgence smiles again  
But strive, on no pretence, against your pow'r,  
'Till time brings back the voluntary hour  
Sometimes their verdant honours leave the woods,  
And their dry urns defraud the thirsty floods ,  
Nor full the rivers a full channel yield,  
Nor spring wth flow'ry beauties paints the field .  
The bards no less such fickle changes find,  
Damp't is the noble ardor of the mind ,  
Their wonted toil her wearied pow'r's refuse ;  
Their souls grow slack and languid to the muse,  
Deaf to their call , their efforts are withstood ,  
Round their cold hearts congeals the freezing blood.  
You d think the muses fled , the god no more  
Would fire the bosom where he dwelt before,  
No more return ! ---how often, tho' in vain,  
The poet would renew the wonted strain '

Nor sees the gods who thwart his fruitless care,  
 Nor angry heav'n relentless to his pray'r  
 Some read the antient bards, of deathless fame,  
 And from their raptures catch the noble flame  
 By just degrees , they feed the glowing vein,  
 And all th' immortal ardor burns again  
 In its full light and heat , the sun's bright ray  
 Thus, (when the clouds disperse) restores the day -  
 Whence shot this sudden flash that gilds the pole ?  
 The god, the god comes rushing on his soul ;  
 Fires with æthereal vigor ev'ry part,  
 Thro' ev'ry trembling limb he seems to dart,  
 Works in each vein, and swells his rising heart  
 Deep in his breast the heav'nly tumult plays,  
 And sets his mounting spirits on a blaze  
 Nor can the raging flames themselves contain,  
 For the whole god descends into the man.  
 He quits mortality, he knows no bounds,  
 But sings inspir'd in more than human sounds  
 Nor from his breast can shake th' immortal load,  
 But pants and raves impatient of the god ,  
 And, rapt beyond himself, admires the force  
 That drives him on reluctant to the course.  
 He calls on Phœbus, by the god opprest,  
 Who breathes excessive spirit in his breast ;  
 No force of thirst or hunger can controul  
 The fierce, the ruling transport of his soul  
 Oft' in their sleep inspir'd with rage div ne,  
 Some bards enjoy the visions of the nine  
 Visions ! themselves with due applause may crown,  
 Visions ! that Phœbus or that Jove may own.

To such an height the god exalts the flame,  
 And so unbounded is their thirst of fame  
 But here, ye youths, exert your timely care,  
 Nor trust th' ungovernable rage too far ;  
 Use not your fortune, nor unfurl your sails,  
 Tho' softly courted by the flatt'ning gales,  
 Refuse them still ; and call your judgment in,  
 While the fierce god exults and reigns within ;  
 To reason's standard be your thoughts confin'd,  
 Let judgment calm the tempest of the mind.  
 Indulge your heat with conduct, and restrain ;  
 Learn when to draw, and when to give the rein.  
 But always wait 'till the warm raptures cease,  
 And lull the tumults of the soul to peace ;  
 Then, nor 'till then, examine strictly o'er  
 What your wild fancies might suggest before.

Be sure, from nature never to depart ,  
 To copy nature is the task of art  
 The noblest poets own her sov'reign sway,  
 And ever follow where she leads the way.  
 From her the diff'rent characters they trace,  
 That mark the human or the salvage race,  
 Each various and distinct , in every stage  
 They paint mankind , their humours, sex, and age ;  
 They shew what manners the slow sage become,  
 What the brisk youth in all his sprightly bloom.  
 In ev ry word and sentiment explain,  
 How the proud monarch differs from the swain.  
 I nauseate all confounded characters ,  
 Where young Telemachus too grave appears,  
 Or reverend Nestor acts beneath his years.

{ 3 }

The poet suits his speeches, when he sings,  
 To proper persons, and the state of things ;  
 On each then just distinctions are bestow'd,  
 To mark a male, a female, or a god.  
 Thus when in \* heav'n seditions tumults rise,  
 Amongst the radiant senate of the skies,  
 The fire of gods, and sov'reign of mankind,  
 In a few words unfolds his sacred mind,  
 Not so fair Venus , who at large replies,  
 And pities Troy, and counts her miseries,  
 Woes undeserv'd : but with contention fir'd,  
 And with the spirit of revenge inspir'd,  
 Fierce Juno storms amidst the blest abodes,  
 And stuns with loud complaints the list'ning gods.  
 When youthful || Turnus the stern combat claims,  
 His rising heart is fill'd with martial flames  
 Impell'd by rage, and bent to prove his might,  
 His soul springs forward, and prevents the fight ;  
 Rouz'd to revenge, his kindling spirits glow,  
 Confirm his challenge, and provoke the foe,  
 The fugitive of Troy.---But while his rage  
 And youthful courage prompts him to engage,  
 On Latium's king incumbent it appears,  
 Grown old in prudence, piety, and years,  
 To weigh events, and youthful heat asswage,  
 With the cold caution and the fears of age.  
 In Dido's various character is seen,  
 The furious lover and the gracious queen :  
 When Troy's fam'd chief, commanded from above,  
 Prepares to quit her kingdom and her love ;

Sce raves, she storms with unavailing care,  
 Grown wild w th | grief, and frantic with despair.  
 Thro' every street she flies, w th | anguish stung,  
 And broken accents flutter on her tongue ;  
 Her words confus'd, and interrupted flow,  
 Speak and express the hurry of her woe.  
 How in this D do is that D do lost,  
 Who late receiv'd the trojans on her coast,  
 And bade them banish grief, and share her throne,  
 Dismiss their fears, and think her realms their own !

Next the great orators consult, and thence  
 Draw all the moving turns of eloquence ,  
 That \* Simon may his phrygian foes betray,  
 And lead the crowd, as fraud directs the way ;  
 That wise † Ulysses may the Greeks detain,  
 While Troy yet stood, from meas'ring back the main.  
 Need I name ‡ Nestor, who could talk to peace,  
 With melting words, the factious kings of Greece ?  
 Whose soft address their fury could controul,  
 Mould every passion, and subdue the soul !  
 These soothing arts to || Venus sure were known,  
 To beg immortal arms to grace her son ,  
 Her invur'd spouse each thrilling word inspires,  
 With every pang of love to second her desires.  
 W th | sweet art the fair adul'tress draws  
 Her fond addresses from a distant cause ;  
 And all her guileful accents are design'd  
 To catch his passions, and ensnare his mind.  
 'Tis hence the poet learns in every part  
 To bate the soul, and give with wondrous art  
 A thousand diff'rent motions to the heart.

Hence,

\* Vid. *Aeneid* L.b II      || *Aeneid* L.b VIII v 370.  
 † *Illiad.* L.b II      ‡ *Illiad.* L.b. I. vers 246.

Hence, as his subject gay or sad appears,  
 He claims our joy, or triumphs in our tears.  
 Who, when he sees how || Orpheus' sorrows flow,  
 Weeps not his tears, and answers woe for woe?  
 When he his dear Eurydice deplores  
 To the deaf rocks, and solitary shores;  
 With the soft harp the bard relieves his pain,  
 For thee, when morning dawns, prolongs the strain,  
 For thee, when Phœbus seeks the seas again. }  
 Or when the young † Euryalus is kill'd,  
 And rolls in death along the bloody field;  
 Like some fair flow'r beneath the share he lies,  
 His head declin'd, and drooping as he dies,  
 The reader's soul is touch'd with gen'rous woe,  
 He longs to rush with Nisus on the foe,  
 He burns with friendly pity to the dead,  
 To raise the youth, and prop his sinking head,  
 And strives in vain to stop the gushing blood,  
 That stains his bosom with a purple flood.

But if the bard such images pursues,  
 That raise the blushes of the virgin-muse;  
 Let them be slightly touch'd, and ne'er exprest,  
 Give but an hint, and let us guess the rest  
 If Jove commands the gath'ring storms to rise,  
 And with deep thunders rends the vaulted skies,  
 To the same cave together may repair  
 The trojan † hero and the tyrian fair.  
 The poet's modesty must add no more,  
 Enough, that earth had giv'n the sign before;  
 The conscious æther was with flames o'erspread,  
 The nymphs ran shrieking round the mountain's head.

E 3                      Nor  
 || Virgil Georgic, Lib. IV    | + Aeneid Lib IX v 433.  
 v. 464.                |    | Ibid. Lib. IV. v. 16.}

Nor let young Troilus, unhappy boy,  
 Meet fierce Achilles in the plains of Troy ;  
 But shew th' unequal youth's untimely fall,  
 To great Aeneas on the tyrian wall ,  
 Supine and hanging from his empty car,  
 Drag'd by his panting coursers thro' the war.  
 This, from our bright examples you may tracee,  
 To write with judgment, decency, and grace ;  
 From others learn invention to encrease,  
 And search in chief the glorious sons of Greece ;  
 For her bright treasures Argos realms explore,  
 Bring home triumphant all her gather'd store,  
 And with her spoils enrich the latian shore. }  
 Nor is the glory of translation less,  
 To give the grecian bards a roman dress,  
 If Phœbus' gracious smiles the labour crown,  
 Than if some new invention were your own  
 Mincio's and Manto's glorious son behold,  
 Th' immortal VIRGIL, sheath'd in foreign gold,  
 Snares out unsham'd, and tow'rs above the rest,  
 In the rich spoils of godlike HOMER drest.  
 Let Greece in triumph boast that she imparts  
 To Latium's conqu'ring realms her glorious arts ;  
 While Latium's sons improve her best designs,  
 'Till by degrees each polisht labour shines,  
 While Rome advances now in arts, as far  
 Above all cities, as of old in war.

Ye gods of Rome, ye guardian deities,  
 Who lift our nation's glory to the skies ;  
 And thou, Apollo, the great source of Troy,  
 Let Rome at least this single palm enjoy,

To shine in arts supreme, as once in pow'r,  
And teach the nations she subdu'd before,  
Since discord all Ausonia's kings alarms,  
And clouds the antient glories of her arms.  
In our own breasts we sheath the civil sword,  
Our country naked to a foreign lord,  
Which lately prostrate, started from despair,  
Burn'd with new hopes, and arm'd her hands for war;  
But arm'd in vain,----th' inexorable hate  
Of envious Fortune call'd her to her fate,  
Insatiate in her rage, her frowns oppose  
The latian fame, and woes are heap'd on woes.  
Our dread alarms each foreign monarch took,  
Thro' all their tribes the distant nations shook;  
To earth's last bounds the fame of LEO runs,  
Nile heard, and Indus trembled for his sons.  
Arabia heard the MEDICEAN line,  
The first of men, and sprung from race divine.  
The sovereign priest, and mitred king appears  
With his lov'd JULIUS join'd, who kindly shares }  
The reins of empire, and the publick cares.  
To break their country's chains, the gen'rous pair  
Concert their schemes, and meditate the war.  
On LEO Europe's monarchs turn their eyes,  
On him alone the western world relies,  
And each bold chief attends his dread alarms,  
While the proud crescent fades before his arms.  
High on his splendid car, immortal Rome,  
'Thane eyes had seen the holy warrior come, }  
Lord of the vanquish'd world, in triumph home.  
Thy streams, old Tyber, swell'd with conscious pride,  
Had born thy kindred warrior down thy tide;

While

While crowded up in heaps, thy waves admire  
 The captive nations, and their strange attire ;  
 Behind his wheels should march a num'rous train }  
 Of scepter'd slaves, reluctant to the chain,  
 Forget their haughty threats, and boast in vain.  
 Tho' the proud foe, of Jury's realm possest,  
 Has spread his wide dominion thro' the east ;  
 Sees his dread standard there at large unfurl'd,  
 And grasps in thought the empire of the world ;  
 And now (ye gods) increast in barb'rous pow'r,  
 His armies hover o'er th' hesperian shore.  
 To see the passing pomp, the ravish'd throng  
 Thro' every street should flow in tides along ;  
 The sacred father, as the numbers roll'd,  
 Should his dear citizens again behold,  
 High o'er the shouting crouds enthron'd in gold ; }  
 Should shew the trophies of his glorious toils,  
 And hang the shrines with consecrated spoils.  
 Piles of barbarick gold should glitter there,  
 The wealth of kingdoms, and the pomp of war  
 But, by your crime, ye gods, our hopes are crost,  
 And those imaginary triumphs lost ,  
 Interr'd with Leo, in one fatal hour,  
 Our prospects perish'd, as they liv'd before.

The END of the SECOND BOOK.



VIDA's

---



---

# V I D A's ART of POETRY, &c.

## BOOK · III

**W**HAT style, what language suits the poet's lays,  
To claim Apollo's and the muses praise,  
I now unfold, to this last bound I tend,  
And see my promis'd labours at an end

First then, with care a just expression chuse,  
Led by the kind indulgence of the muse,  
To dress up ev'ry subject when you write,  
And set all objects in a proper light.

But lest the distant prospect of the goal  
Should damp your vigor, and your strength controul,

Rouse ev'ry power, and call forth all the soul.  
See! how the nine the panting youth invite,  
With one loud voice to reach Parnassus' height;

See! how they hold aloft th' immortal crown,  
To urge the course, and call the victor on,

See! from the clouds each lavish goddess pours,  
Full o'er thy head, a sudden spring of flow'rs,

And roses fall in odorif'rous show'rs;  
Celestial scents, in balmy breezes fly,

And shed ambrosial spirits from the sky.

In chief avoid obscurity, nor shroud  
 Your thoughts and dark conceptions in a cloud ;  
 For † some, we know, affect to shun the light,  
 Lost in fore'd figures, and involv'd in night,  
 Studious and bent to leave the common way,  
 They skulk in darkness, and abhor the day.  
 Oh ! may the sacred nine inspire my lays  
 To shine with pride in their own native rays ,  
 For this we need not importune the skies,  
 In our own pow'r and will the blessing lies.  
 Expression, boundless in extent, displays  
 A thousand forms, a thousand several ways ,  
 In diff'rent garbs from diff'rent quarters brought ;  
 It makes unnumber'd drestes for a thought ,  
 Such vast varieties of hues we find  
 To paint conception, and unfold the mind !  
 If e'er you toil, but toil without success,  
 To give your images a shining dress,  
 Quit your pursu't, and chase a diff'rent way,  
 'Till breaking forth, the voluntary ray  
 Cuts the thick darkness, and lets down the day

Since then a thousand forms you may pursue,  
 A thousand figures rising to the view,  
 Unless confin'd and freighten'd in your scheme,  
 With the short limits of a scanty theme,  
 From these to those with boundless freedom pass,  
 And to each image give a diff'rent face  
 The readers hence a wond'rous pleasure find,  
 That charms the ear, and captivates the mind ;  
 Is this the laws of nature we obey,  
 And act as her example points the way ,

Which

† *Persius and Lycopron.*

Which has on ev'ry diff'rent species thrown  
 A shape distinct and figure of its own,  
 Man differs from the beast that haunts the woods,  
 The bird from ev'ry native of the floods  
 See how the poet banishes with grace  
 A native term to give a || stranger place !  
 From different images with just success  
 He cloaths his matter in the borrow'd dress,  
 The borrow'd dress the things themselves admire,  
 And wonder whence they drew the strange attire,  
 Proud of their ravish't spoils, they now disclaim  
 Their former colour, and their genuine name,  
 And in another garb more beauteous grown,  
 Prefer the foreign habit to their own.  
 Oft' as he paints a battle on the plain,  
 The battle's imag'd by the roaring main ;  
 Now he the fight a fiery deluge names,  
 That pours along the fields a flood of flames ;  
 In airy conflict now the winds appear,  
 Alarm the deeps, and wage the stormy war ,  
 To the fierce shock th' embatt'l'd tempests pour,  
 Waves charge on waves, th' encount'ring billows roar.  
 Thus in a vary'd dress the subject shines,  
 By turns the objects shift their proper signs ;  
 From shape to shape alternately they run,  
 To borrow other's charms, and lend their own ;  
 Pleas'd with the borrow'd charms, the readers find }  
 A crowd of diff'rent images combin'd,  
 Rise from a single object to the mind }  
 So the pleas'd trav'ler, from a mountain's brow,  
 Views the calm surface of the seas below ,

Tho'

|| The Metaphor.

Tho' wide beneath the floating ocean lies  
The first immediate object of his eyes,  
He sees the forests tremble from within,  
And gliding meadows paint the deeps with green ;  
While to his eyes the fair delusions pass  
In gay succession thro' the watry glass.  
'Tis thus the bard diversifies his song,  
Now here, now there, he calls the soul along.  
The rich variety, he sets to sight,  
Cloys not the mind, but adds to our delight.  
Now with a frugal choice the bard affords  
The strongest light, and energy of words ;  
While humble subjects, he contrives to raise  
With borrow'd splendors, and a foreign blaze.  
Thus, if on old tradition we rely,  
Was once the current language of the sky ;  
Wh.ch first the muses brought to these abodes,  
Who taught mankind the secrets of the gods.  
For in the court of Jove their choirs advance,  
And sing alternate, as they lead the dance,  
Mixt with the gods, they hear Apollo's lyre,  
And from high heav'n the panting bard inspire.  
Nor bards alone, but other writers reach  
This bold, this daring privilege of speech ;  
In chief the orators, to raise their sense,  
In this strong figure dress their eloquence,  
When with persuasive strokes they plead a cause,  
And bridle vice, and vindicate the laws ,  
Or on the dreadful verge of death defend,  
And snatch from fate a poor devoted friend.  
Ev'n the rough hinds delight in such a strain,  
When the glad harvest waves with golden grain,

}

And thirsty meadows drink the pearly rain ,

On the proud vine her purple gems appear,  
 The smiling fields rejoice, and hail the pregnant year.  
 First from necessity the figure sprung  
 For things, that would not suit our scanty tongue,  
 When no true names were offer'd to the view,  
 Those they transferr'd that border'd on the true , }  
 Thence by degrees the noble licence grew.  
 The bards those daring liberties embrac'd,  
 Thro' want at first, thro' luxury at last  
 They now to alien things, at will, confirm  
 The borrow'd honours of a foreign term  
 So man, at first, the rattling storm to fly,  
 And the bleak horrors of the wintry sky,  
 Ras'd up a roof of osiers o'er his head,  
 And clos'd with homely clay the slender shed .  
 Now, regal palaces, of wond'rous size,  
 With brazen beams, on parian columns rise, }  
 That heave the pompous fabrick to the skies.  
 But other writers sprinkle here and there  
 These bolder beauties with a fugal care ,  
 So vast a freedom is allow'd to none,  
 But suits the labours of the bard alone,  
 Who in the laws of verse himself restrains,  
 Ty'd up to time in voluntary chains  
 Others, by no restraint or stop with-held,  
 May range the compass of a wider field ,  
 The sacred poets, who their labours fill  
 With p'leasing fictions, or with truths at will,  
 Their thoughts in bolder libertie's express,  
 Which look more beautious in a foreign dress  
 To us, unusual & curious they import,  
 Nor blush, if e'er detected in the art.

\* Sometimes beyond the bounds of truth they fly,  
 And break like the subject to the sky,  
 When tumultuous shouts the hoars rebound,  
 And all Olympus trembles with the sound  
 Or with repeated accents they relate  
 The fall of Troy, and dwell upon her fate,  
 † Oh! see! on country, once with glory crown'd!  
 Oh wretched race of Priam, once renown'd!  
 On Jove! see Ilion smoking on the ground!

Then new name Ceres for the golden grain,  
 Bacchus for wine, and Neptune for the main  
 Or from the father's name point out the son,  
 Or for her people introduce a town  
 So when alarm'd her natives dread their fates,  
 Pale Aesculapius shakes, and trembles thro' her states;  
 And some, by Achelous' streams alone,  
 Comp're the floods of all the world in one.

† Lo! now they start aside, and change the strain  
 To sing and converse with an absent swain;  
 To grots and caverns all their cares disclose,  
 Or tell the solitary rocks their woes,  
 To leaves unman mate proclaim their love,  
 Talk with an hill, or whisper to a grove  
 Or you they call, ye unattentive woods,  
 And wait an answer from your bordering flood.

¶ Sometimes they speak one thing, but leave behind  
 An other secret meaning in the mind.  
 A man excrethen artfully dispense,  
 But use a word that clashes with the sense

Thus

\* The Hyperbole

† The hyperbole exaggerates  
such a part of the case

| + The Apostrophe.

|| The Icery

¶ Thus pious Helen stol the faithful sword,  
While Troy was flaming, from her sleeping lord.

|| So glorious Drances tow'rd amid the plain,  
And pil'd the ground w th mountains of the slain,  
Immortal trophies rais'd from squadrons kill'd,  
And with vast spoils ennobled all the field

† But now to mention farther I forbear,  
With what strong charms they captivate the ear,  
When the same terms they happily repeat,  
The same repeated seem more soft and sweet  
This, \* were Arcadia's judge, if Pan w th stood,  
Pan's judge Arcadia would condemn her god

But tho' our fond indulgence grants the muse  
A thousand liberties in diff'rent views,  
Whin-e'er you chuse an image to express  
In foreign terms, and scorn the native dress,  
Yet be direct, nor strain the point too far,  
Let the transition still unforce'd appear,  
Nor ever discover an excess of care  
For some, we know, with awkward violence  
Distort the subject, and disjoint the sensu ,  
Quite change the genial figure, and deface  
The native shape with ev'ry living grace ,  
And force unwilling objects to put on  
An alien face, and features not their own.  
A low conceit in disproportion'd terms,  
Looks like a boy dress'd up in giants arms,  
Blnd to the truth, all reason they exceed,  
§ Who name a stall the palace of the steed,  
Or grasp the tresses of great Rhæa's head

F 2

'Tis

† See Virg. *Aeneid* Lib. VI. ¶ The *Anaphora*.  
|| Ibid. Lib. XI. ¶ See Virg. *Eclips IV*  
§ The *Catubressis*.

'Tis best sometimes an image to express  
In its own colours, and its native dress,  
The genuine words with happy care to use,  
If nice'v cull'd, and worthy of the muse

Some things alternately compar'd are shown,  
Both names still true, and mutual'y their own,  
But here the least redundancy you must shun ; }  
Tell us in short, from whence the hint you drew,  
Are it the whole comparison to view,  
Left, mindless of your first design, you seem  
To lead the mind awav, and rove from theme to theme.

But now pursue the method that affords  
The fittest terms, and w.lest choice of words.  
Not all deserve alike the same regard,  
Nor suit the god-like labours of the bard ;  
For words as much may differ in degree,  
As the most various kinds of poetry.  
Tho' many a common term and word we find  
Dispensit promiscuously thro' ev'ry kind.  
Those that will never suit th' heroick rage,  
Migt grace the buskin, and become the stage.  
Th' large, their vast variety explore  
With percing eyes, and range the mighty store.  
From their deep fund the richest words unfold,  
With nicest care oe each expression cull'd,  
To deck , cut numbers in the purest gold }  
The v le, the dark degen'rate crowd refuse,  
And scorn a dress that would disgrace the muse.  
Then to succeed your search, pursue the road,  
And beat the track the glorious antients trod.  
To those eternal monuments repa r,  
There read, and meditate for ever there.

If o'er the rest some mighty genius shines,  
 Mark the sweet charms, and vigor of his lines  
 As far as Phœbus and the heav'nly pow'rs  
 Smile on your labours, make his diction your's:  
 Your style by his authentick standard frame,  
 Your voice, your habit, and address the same.  
 With him proceed to cull the rest, for there  
 A full reward will justify your care  
 Examine all, and bring from all away }  
 The various treasures as a lawful prey  
 Nor would I scruple, with a due regard,  
 To read somet mes a rude unpolish'd bard,  
 Among whose labours I may find a line,  
 Which from unsightly rust I may refine,  
 And, with a better grace, adept it into mine  
 How often may we see a troub'led flood  
 Stain'd with untell'd ozone and rising mud?  
 Which, (if a well the bord'ring natives sink)  
 Supplies the thirsty mult tide with drink  
 The trickling stream by just degrees refines,  
 Till in its course the imp'd current shines,  
 And taught thro' secret labyrinths to flow,  
 Works its clear among the lands below  
 For nothing looks so gloomy, but will shine  
 From proper care, and timely discipline,  
 It, with due vigilance and conduct, wrought  
 Deep in the soul, it labours in the thought  
 Hence on the patient we must rest alone,  
 And make then golden sentences our own  
 To cull their best expressions claims our care,  
 To form our notions, and our styles on them }

See! how we bear away their precious spoils,  
 And with the glorious dress enrich our styles,  
 Their bright inventions for our use convey,  
 Bring all the spirit of their words away,  
 And make their words themselves our lawful prey }  
 Uttered in other colours to be shown,  
 We speak our thoughts in accents not our own.  
 But your design with modest caution weigh,  
 Steal with due care, and meditate the prey.  
 Invert the order of the words with art,  
 And change their former site in ev'ry part.  
 Thus, win your readers, thus deceive with grace,  
 And let th'expression wear a diff'rent face,  
 Yourself at last, the glorious labour done,  
 Will scarce discern his diction from your own.  
 Some, to appear of diffidence bereft,  
 Steal in broad day, and glory in the theft,  
 When with just art, design, and confidence,  
 On the same words they graft a diff'rent sense ;  
 Preserve th'unvary'd terms and order too,  
 But change their former spirit for a new.  
 Or, w to the sense of emulation bold,  
 Win antient bards a gloriuous conquest hold  
 Their richest spoils triumphant they explore,  
 Which, rag'd with better grace, they vain sh o'er, }  
 And give them charms they never knew before  
 So trees, that change their soils, more proudly rise,  
 And lift their spreading honours to the skies,  
 And, when transplanted, nobler fruits produce,  
 Exalt their nature, and ferment their juice  
 So Troy's fam'd chief the asian empire bore,  
 With better omens, to the latian shore ,

Tho' from thy realm, O Dido, to the sea  
Call'd by the gods reluctantly away,  
Nor the first nuptial pleasures could controul  
The fixt, the stubborn purpose of his soul  
Unhappy queen! thy woes suppress thy breath,  
Thy cares pursu'd thee, and surviv'd in death  
Had not the daidan fleet thy kingdom sought,  
Thy life had shone unsulli'd with a fault

Come then, ye youths, and urge your gen'rous toils,  
Come, strip the antients, and divide the spoils  
Your hands have won----but shun the fault of such,  
Who with fond rashness trust themselves too much  
For some, we know, who by their pride betray'd,  
With vain contempt reject a foreign aid,  
Who scorn those great examples to obey,  
Nor follow where the antients point the way  
While from the theft their cautious hands refrain,  
Vain are their fears, their superstition vain  
Nor Phœbus' smiles th unhappy poet crown,  
The fate of all his works prevents his own  
Himself his mould'ring monument survives,  
And sees his labours perish while he lives  
His fame is more contracted than his span,  
And the frail author dies before the man  
How would he wish the labour to forbear,  
And follow other arts with more successful care?

I like a fair illusion nicely wrought,  
When the same words express a different thought.  
And such a theft true criticks dare not blame,  
Which late posterity sha'll crown with fame.  
Void of all fear, of ev'ry doubt bereft,  
I would not blush, but triumph in the theft.

Nor on the antients for the whole rely,  
 The whole more than all their works supply ;  
 Search your own invention must explore,  
 Some sign magis arteach'd before  
 No terms no laws forb'd us to induce,  
 To coin a word, and sanctify to use ,  
 But yet admit no words into the song,  
 Unless they prove the stock from whence they sprung ;  
 Point out their family, their kindred trace,  
 And set to view the series of their race  
 But where you find your native tongue too poor,  
 Transport the riches of the grecian store ,  
 Inform the jump, and work it into grace,  
 And with new life inspire th' unwieldy mass ,  
 'Till chang'd by discipline, the word puts on  
 A foreign nature, and forgets its own  
 So Latium's language found a rich increase,  
 And grew and flourish'd from the wealth of Greece ;  
 'Till use, in time, had rifid Argos' stores,  
 And brought all Athens to th' hesperian shores.  
 How many words from rich Mycenæ come,  
 Of grecian extraction, in the drefs of Rome ?  
 That lewds, our rights and freedom claim,  
 Their nature diff'rent, bat their looks the same ,  
 Thro' Latium's realms, in Latium's garb they go,  
 At once her strangers, and her natives too.  
 Long has her poverty been fled, and long  
 With native riches has she grac'd her tongue.  
 Nor search the poets only, but explore  
 Immortal TULLY's inexhausted store ;  
 And other authors, born in happier days,  
 Shall answer all your wants, and beautify your lays.

Oft,

Oft, in old bards, a verse above the rest,  
 Shines, in barbarick spoils and trophies drest  
 Thus Gaul, her victor's triumph to compleat,  
 Supplies those words that paint her own defeat,  
 And vanquish'd Macedon, to tell her doom,  
 Gives up her language with her arms to Rome.  
 Then can we fear with groundless diffidence  
 A want of words that shall express our sense?

But if compell'd by want, you may produce  
 And bring an antiquated word in use,  
 A word earst well-receiv'd in days of yore,  
 A word our old forefathers us'd before  
 Well-pleas'd the reader's wonder to engage,  
 He brings our grandsires habit on the stage,  
 And garbs that whilom grac'd an uncouth age.  
 Yet must not such appear in ev'ry place,  
 When rang'd too thick, the poem they disgrace  
 Since of new words such numbers you command,  
 Deal out the old ones with a sparing hand.

¶ When-e'er your images can lay no claim  
 To a fixt term, and want a certain name,  
 To paint one thing, the licens'd bard affords  
 A pompous circle, and a crowd of words

Two plighted words, in one with grace appear,  
 When they with ease glide smoothly o'er the ear.

Two my embrace at once, but seldom more,  
 No verse can bear the mingled shape of four,  
 Nor triple monsters dwell on Latium's shore.

When mixt with smooth, these harsher strains are found,  
 We start w th horror at the frightful sound;

The

¶ The *Periphrasis*.

The grecian bards, in whom such freedoms please,  
May match with more success such words as these ;  
Heap hills on hills, and bid the structure rise,  
Till the vast pile of mountains prop the skies.

What words soever of vast bulk we view,  
One of less size may sometimes split in two,  
Sometimes we separate from the whole a part,  
And prune the more luxuriant limbs with art.  
Thus when the names of heroes we declare,  
Names whose unpolish'd sounds offend the ear ;  
We add, or lop some branches which abound,  
Till the harsh accents are with smoothness crown'd,  
That mellowes every word, and softens every sound. }  
By such an happy change, Scharbas came  
To strik his roughness in Schæus name.  
Hence wou'd I rather choose those dire alarms  
Of vast Enceladus, and hea'ns in arms,  
And the bold Titan's battles to rehearse,  
Harmonious names, that glide into the verse ;  
Than court the rough, the barb'rous nations o'er,  
Whch Rome subdued of old from shore to shore.

Let th' ing'libr' to words, on no pretence,  
But make your words subservient to your sense,  
Nor let their sake contrive a single line,  
But what contributes to the main design.  
Thou'rt in thy part most diligently pierce,  
And i - gn the sound and sense of every verse.  
Unless your strictest caution you display,  
Some words may lead the heedless bard away ;  
Stell'd on their duty, and desert their post,  
And bulk in darkness, indolently lost,

Or

Or while their proper parts their fellows ply,  
 Contribute nought but sound and harmony  
 This to prevent, consult your words, and know  
 How far their strength, extent, and nature go.  
 To all their charges, and their labours fit,  
 To all, their sev'ral provinces of wit  
 Without this care, the poem will abound  
 With empty noise, and impotence of sound ;  
 Unmeaning terms will crowd in ev'ry part,  
 Play round the ear, but never reach the heart  
 Yet would I sometimes venture to disperse  
 Some words, whose splendor should adorn my verse ;  
 (Words, that to wit and thought have no pretence,  
 And rather vehicles of sound than sense ,)  
 'Till in the gorgeous dress the lines appear,  
 And court w'th gent'l harmony the ear  
 Nor w'th too fond a care such words pursue,  
 They meet your sight, and rise in ev'ry view.  
 Out, from its chains the shackled verse unloose,  
 And give it liberty to walk in prose ,  
 Then be the work renew'd with endless pain,  
 And join with care the shatter'd parts again ,  
 The lurking faults and errors you may see,  
 When the words run unmanacled and free.

Attend, young bard, and listen while I sing ;  
 Lo ! I unlock the muses sacred spring ,  
 Lo ! Phœbus calls thee to his inmost shrine ,  
 Hark ! in one common voice, the tuneful nine  
 Invite and court thee to the rites div'ne.  
 When first to man the privilege was giv'n,  
 To hold by verse an intercourse w'th heav'n,

Unwilling

}

Unwilling that th' immortal art should lyse  
Cheap, and expos'd to ev'ry vulgar eye,  
Great Jove, to drive away the grov'ling crowd,  
To narrow bounds confin'd the glorious road,  
Wh ch more exalted spirits may pursue,  
And left it open to the sacred few  
For many a painful task, in ev'ry part,  
Claims all the poet's vigilance and art  
'Tis not enough his verses to compleat,  
In measure, numbers, or determin'd feet;  
Or render things, by clear expression, bright,  
And set each object in a proper light  
To all, proportion'd terms he must dispense,  
And make the sound a picture of the sense,  
The correspondent words exactly frame,  
The look, the features, and the men the same.  
His thoughts the bard must suitably express,  
Each in a diff'rent face, and diff'rent dress,  
Left in unvan'd looks the crowd be shown,  
And the whole multitude appear as one  
With rap'd feet and wings, without delay,  
This swiftly flies, and smoothly skims away  
That, vast of size, his limbs huge, broad and strong,  
Moves pond'rous, and scarce drags his bulk along  
This, blooms with youth and beauty in his face,  
And Venus breathes on ev'ry limb a grace  
That, of rude form, his uncouth members shows,  
Looks horrible, and frowns with his rough brows,  
His monstrous tail in many a fold and wind,  
Voluminous and vast, cur's up beh'nd  
At once the image and the lines appear  
Rude to the eye, and frightful to the ear

Nor are those figures giv'n without a cause,  
But fixt and settled by determin'd laws ,  
All claim and wear, as their deserts are known,  
A voice, a face, and habit of their own.

¶ Lo ! when the sailors steer the pond'rous ships,  
And plough, with brazen beaks, the foamy deeps,  
Incumbent on the main that roars around , }  
Beneath their lab'ring oars the waves resound,  
The prows wide-echoing thro' the dark profound  
To the loud call each distant rock replies,  
Tost by the storm the frothy surges rise , }  
While the hoarse ocean beats the sounding shore,  
Dash'd from the strand, the flying waters roar,  
Flash at the shock, and gath'ring in an heap,  
The liquid mountains rise, and over-hang the deep  
See thro' her shores Trinacria's realms rebound,  
Startling and treinbling at the bellowing sound ,  
High-tow'ring o'er the waves the mountains ride,  
And clash with floating mountains on the tide  
But when blue Neptune from his car surveys,  
And calms at one regard the raging seas ,  
Stretcht like a peaceful lake the deep subsides,  
And o'er the level light the galley glides  
The poet's art and conduct we admire,  
When angry Vulcan rolls his mountain of fire ,  
When on the groves and vales the deluge preys,  
And wraps the cracklin' woods in the blaze.  
Nor less our pleasure, when the flame divides,  
And climbs aspiring round the cauldron's sides ,

G

From

¶ Most of these examples are drawn word for word from  
Virgil

From the dark bottom work the waters up,  
 Swell, boil, and hiss, and bubble to the top  
 Thus in smooth lines, smooth subjects we rehearse,  
 But the † rough rock roars in as rough a verse.  
 If gay the subject, gay must be the song ;  
 And the brisk numbers quickly glide along .  
 When the fields flourish , or the skies unfold  
 Swift from the flying hinge their gates of gold  
 If sad the theme, then each grave line moves slow , }  
 The mournful numbers languishingly flow ,  
 And drag, and labour, with a weight of woe }  
 If e'er the boding bird of night, who mourns  
 O'er ruins, desolation, graves, and urns ,  
 With piercing screams the darkness should invade ,  
 And break the silence of the dismal shade  
 When things are small, the terms should still be so ;  
 For low words please us, when the theme is low.  
 But when some giant, horrible and grim ,  
 Enormous in his gait, and vast in ev'ry limb ,  
 Stalks tow'ring on , the swelling words must rise  
 In just proportion to the monster's size  
 If some large weight his huge arms strive to shove ,  
 The verse too labours , the throng'd words scarce move  
 When each stiff clod beneath the pond'rous plough ,  
 Crumbles and breaks ; the lumber'd lines march slow ,  
 Nor less , when driven by the friendly gales ,  
 Unrul their shrouds , the wide-stretcht sails  
 But if the poem suffers from delay ,  
 Let the lines fly precipitate away

And

† ----- *Sonat bacē de nare caninā**Littera, .... --*

Vid. Persium.

And when the viper issues from the brake ,  
Be quick , with stones, and brands, and fire, attack }  
His rising crest, and drive the serpent back }  
When night descends, or stun'd by num'rous stroke<sup>e</sup>,  
And groaning, to the earth drops the vast ox ,  
The line too sinks with correspondent sound,  
Flat with the steer, and headlong to the ground  
When the wild waves subside, and tempests cease ,  
And hush! their roarings and their rage to peace ,  
So oft we see the interrupted strain  
Stop'd in the midst,----and with the silent mam, }  
Pause for a space-----at last it glides again.  
When Priam strains his aged arm, to throw  
His unavailing jav'l'n at the foe ,  
(His blood congeal'd, and ev'ry nerve unstrung,) }  
Then with the theme complies the artful song ,  
Like him, the solitary numbers flow  
Weak, trembling, melancholy, stiff, and slow.  
Not so young Pyrrhus, who with rapid force  
Beats down embattled armies in his course  
The raging youth on trembling Ilion falls ,  
Bursts her strong gates, and shakes her lofty walls ;  
Provokes his flying courser to his speed ,  
In full career to charge the warlike steed ;  
He piles the field with mountains of the slain ;  
He pours, he storms, he thunders thro' the plain .  
In this the poet's justest conduct lies ,  
When with his various subjects he complies , }  
To sink with judgment, and with judgment rise .  
We see him now, remissive of his force ,  
Glide with a low, and inoffensive course ; }

Stript of the gaudy dress of words he goes,  
 And scarcely lifts the poem up from prose -  
 And now he brings with loosen'd reins along  
 All in a full career the boundless song ,  
 In wide array luxuriantly he pours  
 A crowd of words, and opens all his stores.  
 The lavish eloquence redundant flows,  
 Thick as the fleeces of the winter-snows,  
 When Jove invests the naked Alps, and sheds  
 The silent tempest on their hoary heads  
 Sometimes the god-like fury he restrains,  
 Checks his impetuous speed, and draws the reins ,  
 Balanced and poised, he neither sinks nor soars,  
 Plows the mid space, and steers between the shores,  
 And shaves the confines,----'till, all dangers past,  
 He shoots with joy into the port at last.

For what remains unsung , I now declare  
 What claims the poet's last and strictest care.  
 When, all adventures past, his labours tend  
 In one continu'd order to their end ,  
 When the proud victor on his conquest smiles,  
 And safe enjoys the triumph of his toils ,  
 Let him by timely diffidence be aw'd,  
 Nor trust too soon th' unpolish'd piece abroad.  
 Oh ! may his rash ambition ne'er inflame  
 His breast, with such a dang'rous thirst of fame!  
 But let the terror of disgrace controul  
 The warm, the partial fondness of his soul ;  
 And force the bard to throw his passion by,  
 Nor view his offspring with a parent's eye ;  
 'Till his affections are by justice crost,  
 And all the father in the judge is lost.

He seeks his friends, nor trusts himself alone,  
 But asks their judgment, and resigns his own ;  
 Begs them, with urgent pray'rs, to be sincere,  
 Just and exact, and rigidly severe ,  
 Due verdict to pronounce on ev'ry thought,  
 Nor spare the slightest shadow of a fault ,  
 But, bent against himself, and strictly nice,  
 He thanks each critick that detects a vice ,  
 Tho' charg'd with what his judgment can defend ,  
 He joins the partial sentence of his friend  
 'T he piece thrown by , the careful bard reviews  
 The long-forgotten labours of his muse  
 Lo ! on all sides far duff'rent objects rise ,  
 And a new prospect strikes his wond'ring eyes.  
 Warm from the brain, the lines his love engrost ,  
 Now in themselves their former selves are lost.  
 Now his own labours he begins to blame ,  
 And blushing reads them with regret and shame .  
 He loathes the piece , condemns it , nor can find  
 The genuine stamp, and image of his mind.  
 His thought and that, indignant he rejects ;  
 When most secure, some danger he suspects ,  
 Anxious he adds, and trembling he corrects .  
 With kind severities, and timely art ,  
 Lope the luxuriant growth of ev'ry part ,  
 Prunes the superfluous boughs, that wildly stray ,  
 And cuts the rank redundancies away.  
 Thus arm'd with proper discipline he stands ,  
 By day, by night, applies his healing hands ,  
 From ev'ry line to wipe out ev'ry blot ,  
 Till the whole piece is guiltless of a fault ,



Hard is the task, but needful, if your aim  
Tends to the prospect of immortal fame.  
If some unfinished numbers lump behind,  
When the warm poet rages unconfin'd,  
Then when his swift invention scorns to stay,  
By a full tide of genius whurl'd away ;  
He brings the sor'reign cure their failings claim,  
Confirms the sickly, and supports the lame.  
Oft' as the seasons roll, renew thy pain,  
And bring the poem to the test again  
In diff'rent lights th' expression must be rang'd,  
The garb and colours of the words be chang'd.  
With endless care thy watchful eyes must pierce,  
And mark the parts distinct of ev'ry verse.  
In this perfis't, for oft' one day denies  
The kind assistance which the next supplies ;  
As oft', without your vigilance and care,  
Some faults detected by themselves appear.  
And now a thousand errors you explore,  
That lay involv'd in mantling clouds before.  
Oft' to improve his muse, the bard should try,  
By turns, the temper of a diff'rent sky.  
For thus his genius takes a diff'rent face  
From every different genius of a place  
The soul too changes, and the bard may find  
A thousand various motions in his mind  
New gleams of light will ev'ry moment rise,  
While from each part the scatt'ring darkness flies.  
And, as he alters what appears amiss,  
He adds new flow'rs to beautifie the piece  
But here, ev'n here, avoid th' extreme of such,  
Who with excess of care correct too much ,

Whose barb'rous hands no calls of pity bound,  
 While with th' infected parts they cut the sound, }  
 And make the cure more dang'rous than the wound. }  
 'Till, all the blood and spirits drain'd away,  
 The body sickens, and the parts decay ;  
 The native beauties die, the limbs appear  
 Rough and deform'd with one continu'd scar.  
 No fixt determin'd number I enjoin,  
 But when some years shall perfect the design ;  
 Reflect on life, and, mindful of thy span,  
 Whose scanty limit bounds the days of man,  
 Wide o'er the spacious world, without delay,  
 Permit the finish'd piece to take its way ;  
 'Till all mankind admires the heav'nly song,  
 The theme of ev'ry hand and ev'ry tongue  
 See ! thy pleas'd friends thy spreading glory draws,  
 Each with his vo.ce to swell the vast applause ,  
 The vast applause shall reach the starry frame,  
 No years, no ages shall obscure thy fame,  
 And earth's last ends shall hear thy darling name. }  
 Shall we then doubt to scorn all worldly views,  
 And not prefer the raptures of the muse ?

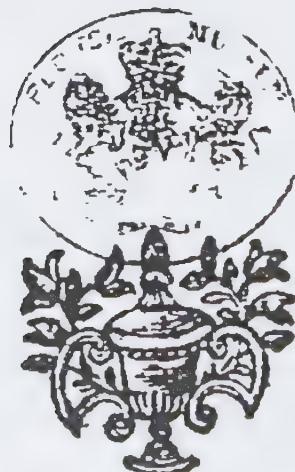
Thrice happy bards ! who, taught by heav'n, obey  
 These rules, and follow where they lead the way ,  
 And hear the faithful precepts I bestow'd,  
 Inspir'd with rage divine, and lab'ring with the god.  
 But art alone, and human means must fail,  
 Nor these instructive precepts will prevail,  
 Unless the gods their present aid supply,  
 And look with kind indulgence from the sky.  
 I only pointed out the paths that lead  
 The panting youth to steep Parnassus' head ,

And show'd the tuneful muses from afar,  
Mixt in a solemn choir, and dancing there,  
Thither forbidden by the fates to go,  
I sink and grovel in the world below.  
Deterr'd by them, in vain I labour up,  
And stretch these hands to grasp the distant top,  
Enough for me, at distance if I view  
Some bard, some happier bard the path pursue ;  
Who, taught by me to reach Parnassus' crown,  
Mounts up, and calls his slow companions on  
But yet these rules, perhaps, these humble lays,  
May claim a title to a share of praise ;  
When, in a crowd, the gath'ring youths shall hear  
My voice and precepts with a willing ear ;  
Close in a ring shall press the list'ning throng,  
And learn from me to regulate their song  
Then, if the pitying fates prolong my breath,  
And from my youth avert the dart of death ,  
Whene'er I sink in life's declining stage,  
Trembling and fainting on the verge of age,  
To help their wearied master shall they run,  
And lend their friendly hands to guide him on ,  
Till blooming groves his tardy progress wait,  
And set him gently down at Phœbus' gate,  
Till whil he sings, before the hallow'd shrine,  
The sacred poets, and the tuneful nine  
Here then in roman numbers will we rise ,  
And lift the fame of VIZGIL to the skies ,  
Ausonia's pride and boast ; who brings along  
Strength to my lines, and spirit to my song  
First how the mighty bard transported o'er  
The sacred muses from th' aonian shore ,

Led the fair sisters to th' hesperian plains,  
And sung in roman towns the grecian strains ,  
How in his youth to woods and groves he fled,  
And sweetly tun'd the soft sicilian reed ,  
Next, how in pity to th' ausonian swains,  
He rais'd to heav'n the honours of the plains ;  
Rapt in Triptolemus his car on high,  
He scatter'd peace and plenty from the sky :  
Fir'd with his country's fame, with loud alarms,  
At last he rous'd all Latium up to arms ,  
In just array the phrygian troops bestow'd,  
And spoke the voice and language of a god  
Father of verse ! from whom our honours spring ;  
See ! from all parts, our bards attend their king ,  
Beneath thy banners rang'd, thy fame increase,  
And rear proud trophies from the spoils of Greece.  
Low, in elysian vales, her tuneful throng  
Bow to thy laurels, and adore thy song .  
On thee alone thy country turns her eyes ,  
On thee her poets future fame relies  
See ! how in crowds they court thy aid divine ,  
(For all their honours but depend on thine,)  
Taught from the womb thy numbers to rehearse,  
And sip the balmy sweets of ev'ry verse.  
Unrival'd bard ! all ages shall decree  
The first unenvy'd palm of fame to thee ,  
Thrice happy bard ! thy boundless glory flies ,  
Where never mortal must attempt to rise ,  
Such heav'nly numbers in thy song we hear ,  
And more than human accents charm the ear !  
To thee, h's darling, Phœbus' hands impart  
His soul, his gen.us, and immortal art.

What help or merit in these rules are shown,  
The youth must owe to thy support alone  
The youth, whose wand'ring feet with care I led  
Alont, o'er steep Parnassus' sacred head ;  
Taught from thy great example to explore  
Those arduous paths which thou hast trod before.  
Hail, pride of Italy ! thy country's grace !  
Hail, glorious light of all the tuneful race !  
For whom, we weave the crown, and altars raise , }  
And with rich incense bid the temples blaze , }  
Our solemn hymns shall still resound thy praise.  
Hail holy bard, and boundless in renown ! }  
Thy fame, dependent on thy self alone,  
Requires no song, no numbers but thy own.  
Lock down propitious, and my thoughts inspire ;  
Warm my chaste bosom with thy sacred fire !  
Let all thy flames with all their raptures roll,  
Deep in my breast, and kindle all my soul ! }

THE END.



*BOOKS Printed for R. DODSLEY*  
*at Tully's Head in Pall-Mall.*

**T**H E Works of *Alexander Pope*, Esq, in Prose and Verse.

The new Translation of *Don Quixote* by Mr *Jarvis*, in two Vols *Quarto*, adorn'd with 69 Copper-Plates, designed by *Vanderbank* and engraved by *Vanderzucht*, with a curious Preface and Notes by the Translator, an Account of the Cuts by Dr *Oldfield*, and the Life of *Cervantes* translated from the Spanish of *Don Gregorio Meyans* and *Sisear*, Library-keeper to the King of Spain. written at the Request of my Lord Carteret

*Les Avantures de Telemaque fils d'Ulysse* In two neat Pocket Volumes, printed on a superfine Writing-Paper, with an *Elzavir* Letter, and a compleat Set of new Cuts, 26 in Number, design'd by *Picart* and engraved by the best Masters. Being a very handsome Present for young Gentlemen or Ladies at Boarding-Schools.

The *Aeneid* of *Virgil*. Translated by Mr. Pitt,  
Two Vols in *Quarto*.

*Leonidas*, an Heroic Poem, by Mr *Glover*.

One Hundred ingenious and diverting Novels Written originally in *Italian* by *John Boccace*, translated into *English* by a Gentleman

N. B These beautiful Stories are divided into Ten Days Entertainment. Ten Novels for each Day 1 On various Subjects. 2. and 3 Great Troubles and perplex'd Adventures crown'd with Success. 4 Such Amours and Love-Adventures as have had an unfortunate Conclusion 5 Amours that have ended happily. 6 Subjects of Wit and Humour. 7 and 8 Stratagems that Women have contriv'd to deceive their Husbands 9 Miscellaneous Novels 10 Gallant or Generous Actions done for the sake of a Mistress, a Friend, &c. Price 6s.

*Just Published,*

THE  
MICROSCOPE  
Made Easy :

O R,

I. The Nature, Uses, and Magnifying Powers of the best Kinds of Microscopes described, calculated, and explained

For the Instruction particularly of such, as desire to search into the Wonders of the *Minute Creation*, tho' they are not acquainted with Optics.

Together with full Directions how to prepare, apply, examine and preserve all sorts of Objects, and proper Cautions to be observed in viewing them

II An Account of what Surprizing Discoveries have been already made by the MICROSCOPE.  
With useful Reflections on them.

*And also,*

A great Variety of new Experiments and Observations, pointing out many uncommon Subjects for the Examination of the Curious.

---

By HENRY BAKER,  
Fellow of the Royal Society, and Member of the  
Society of Antiquaries in London

---

*Rerum natura rufquam magis quae in munimis tota est.*  
PLIN Hist Nat L.b XI

---

Illustrated with Copper Plates

---

L O N D O N .

Printed for R. DODSLEY at Tully's Head in Pall Mall.  
M DCC XLII.



CPSIA information can be obtained at [www.ICGtesting.com](http://www.ICGtesting.com)  
235084LV00002B/56/P

9 781140 803485





Vida's Art of poetry, translated into English

BN3026



BN302632-3288

040100W09AATW

CLOVER BOOKS

Western literary study flows out of works by Alexander Pope, D. Fielding, Frances Burney, Der Gottfried Herder, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, and others. Experience the birth of the modern novel, or compare the development of language using dictionaries and grammar discourses.

## Gale ECCO PRINT EDITIONS

Relive history with Eighteenth Century Collections Online, now available in print for the independent historian and collector. This series includes the most significant English-language and foreign-language works printed in Great Britain during the eighteenth century, and is organized in seven different subject areas including literature and language; medicine, science, and technology; and religion and philosophy. The collection also includes thousands of important works from the Americas.

The eighteenth century has been called "The Age of Enlightenment." It was a period of rapid advance in print culture and publishing, in world exploration, and in the rapid growth of science and technology – all of which had a profound impact on the political and cultural landscape. At the end of the century the American Revolution, French Revolution and Industrial Revolution, perhaps three of the most significant events in modern history, set in motion developments that eventually dominated world political, economic, and social life.

In a groundbreaking effort, Gale initiated a revolution of its own: digitization of epic proportions to preserve these invaluable works in the largest online archive of its kind. Contributions from major world libraries constitute over 175,000 original printed works. Scanned images of the actual pages, rather than transcriptions, recreate the works as they first appeared.

Now for the first time, these high-quality digital scans of original works are available via print-on-demand, making them readily accessible to libraries, students, independent scholars, and readers of all ages.



9 781140 803485

\*W2-ANA-493\*